

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

VOL. XX., No. 520.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

The Ballad of East Division Street.

There never was a happier man than N. Cornelius Blake.
His life was one long dream of taste from which he could not wake.
And all because he married young a sweet æsthetic bride,
Well known on East Division Street as Mary Allston Hyde.
Whenever a misfortune came or Hope was quite opaque
A joyous smile lit up the face of N. Cornelius Blake.
"I insist," said he, "if death himself should come with grim and gross
My wife in her superior mood would decorate his bones;
And rob the King of Terrors of his mortuary pride
With something in the Queen Anne line, would Mary Allston Hyde."
Whenever N. Cornelius ate his matrimonial meal
And fussed that she had burnt the chop with over-frenzied zeal
To such a state of charcoal that there was no chop to eat.
Then something rose within him that was Florentine and sweet.
As he recognized the crasses and the decorative best.
"It may not fill my stomach, and I'm getting rather thin,
But 'tis the touch of Nature, dear, that makes the whole world kin."
Then N. Cornelius Blake would go with meditative pride
And work the free-lunch counter that is over on that side.
She taught him how to rise above the coffee that was cold,
And contemplate the Dresden cup that eke would coffee hold;
And though at herring he rebelled with deep and scandalous hate
She charmed him with the smile that was woven on the plate;
And when he felt within his soul the soup was thin and cool
She tamed him with the napkins in the old Etruscan school.
"I do not care for carnal joys, but then I take a pride
In harmony of tint and tone," said Mary Allston Hyde.
To such a state of art serene did N. Cornelius rise.
By living on the tint of things and eating with his eyes.
That life no longer roused his blood, and it's a solemn fact,
His stomach grew so Florentine that it refused to act.
Then leaning on the breakfast board the morning that he died.
He murmured this in Lybian tones to Mary Allston Hyde:
"My dear, I feel that vulgar life is but an empty dream,
And only in the spirit land are artists what they seem.
So, if you please, I'll pass away and my quietus make.
And you will understand, my dear, that's why I eat your cake."
Then Mary Allston's gentle soul, still governed by good taste,
Cried out, "'Tis heaven's will! But why unseemly haste?
If you must die, so must we all, but some pure method take,
I would not have the record read, 'He died of eating cake.'"
Then Mary turned her head away to hide a Grecian tear
And wipe her fine Sorrento mouth with something from Cashmere.
"If you must die my darling boy, there's no established rule
Prevents you from expiring in a proper kind of school."
So that was how the noble soul passed from this world beneath.
He died at half past ten o'clock by swallowing his front teeth.
And when they laid his body out, the stately form beside
Rose up above the vulgar herd with her accustomed pride.
"He died," she said with look serene and taste superb and cold,
"By no base food, as mortals die—he perished of old gold."
And that's the legend often told in accents sad and sweet
Along the dim Venetian haunts in East Division Street;
How N. Cornelius Blake passed out, with Mary by his side,
And P. Carruthers Oppendyke then claimed her as his bride.

NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Is there anything in acting that makes a man thin skinned? I have often thought so. The continual exercise of the sensibilities appears to bring all the nerves of sensation to the surface. A veteran quivers at a paragraph irrespective of its truth, that a tyro would laugh at.

We have had so many schools established to develop emotion, that I wonder why it would not be a good idea to have a school which shall teach actors how to suppress it?

Emotion is very apt to get the upper hand of some natures and convert them into jelly fish. I am told that Maurice Barrymore cried over the manuscript of Captain Swift like a child, and Clinton Stuart wept all the way from France when he was bringing The Abbé Constantin.

The other day Mr. Steele Mackaye in delivering a handsome eulogy on John McCullough in Philadelphia went out of his way to poke an oblique reproof at the personal opinion of Mr. Edwin Booth.

He flamed up with grandiloquent sensitiveness in behalf of the stage, and defended it from its most conspicuous and gifted actor. If Mr. Mackaye had been as discreet as he was sensitive he would have omitted all that.

The personal opinions of Mr. Edwin Booth are entitled to some respect whether they agree with ours or not. At all events it was in exceeding bad taste to offset them with the god-like qualities of the lamented John McCullough, whose monument to-day stands on the personal appreciation of many loving friends and not on the basis of great histrionism.

The public career of every actor and manager is a proper subject of discussion, for it challenges it. But how many actors and managers will stand it.

Mr. Mackaye's public career would make an odyssey illustrated by Icarus. All we should have to do would be to pick up the public car-

toons he has made and photograph him as disciple, moralist, teacher, inventor, lecturer, dramatist, manager, architect, drill master, reformer, martyr and actor.

How Mr. Mackaye would squirm if he could see the panorama of Mackaye that he has painted as he went along.

And I suppose we all have panoramas that we would squirm at. But then they were not all set up in public with invitations to watch and admire them.

Here is my friend Mr. Edward Harrigan. If I tell him how his public career looks to those of us who have watched it with admiration and regret, he too will begin to squirm.

And yet I cannot help expressing the thoughts that his metropolitan career suggests.

In some respects Mr. Harrigan is unique. He threatened at one time to be what Mitchell once was at the Olympic, not only the brief but the instant chronicler of the time. His

other form of entertainment ever did, it was driven from its place by two forces. One was the combined influence of English burlesque and French opera bouffe. The other was the downfall of Southern slavery. After the war the plantation was a myth, the pathos of slavery was gone.

It sounds odd to say so but Abraham Lincoln killed negro minstrelsy. The mild, sweet melancholy of the "Swanee River" and the "Old Folks at Home," the barbaric fascination of the banjo that had enthralled millions, was gone. The few troupes that held on to their bones and tambourines picked up the "Sabre de mon pere," and kindred chansons. They no longer trolled the folk songs of the South.

Now it ought to be said here of negro minstrelsy that in its best state it was such a popular delight as never tired the public. At one time there were five troupes on Broadway competing with the best entertainments in

happy-go lucky American dandy, as he is placed nowhere in the world outside of New York. The world of amusement seekers never before saw race prejudices so boldly and so irresistibly shown, and so admirably blended. It made a series of the strongest black and white pictures I ever saw.

Then, remember one other happy fact. Mr. Dave Braham had caught the real spirit of the negro folk song. He revived in Harrigan's earlier pieces the wild, simple genius of Foster and Dan Emmett and his characteristic ditties traveled round the world as Christy's had done.

In a few seasons New York recognized that Mr. Harrigan was doing a new order of thing. If you wanted to see the best characterization of local low life, you had to go to him. And you did go. Your carriages lined his curb-stone every night. Your ladies were not ashamed to sit in his parquette and

New York life that made his groups so vivid have vanished. That roystering madrigal of the market place which came up from the South along with that wild plaint of a broken heart that crept out of every genuine plantation ditty, has been exorcised.

To me the Irishman is interesting mainly as he appears under American influence. I like to contemplate him when he gets more freedom than is good for him. I like to watch the public school widen and deepen him, without his knowing it. I like to study him as he kicks off his brogans at Castle Garden and prepares himself to become an alderman or to write criticisms for the Herald. And it was in that transition that Harrigan caught him and fattened him for our delight.

Never again will we have the ward politician portrayed as Harrigan portrayed him.

What do I care about the nearly extinct Irishman on his denuded hills or in his ancestral mud cabin? Have I not seen the historic romance of his single-handed struggle with a regiment of red coats handed down from Gayler and Boucicault, until it is worn smooth?

There was a new targ to the Americanized fellow. If you stood in a crowd of him you didn't dare to stretch your foot in any direction, for you could not tell if you were touching a future sheriff, a contractor or an assemblyman.

Mr. Harrigan's new play, to which he invited us all on Monday night, is called The Lorgaire. It is crammed so full of what the ordinary playwright calls "incident," that it is difficult to see the story. And if you do see it it will be the old style of thing, hardly worth all this trouble.

I am inclined to think it was disappointing to all of Mr. Harrigan's friends. It was so pretentious, and yet so inadequate in the sportive humor of his best vein. There was a continual suspicion roused by it that Mr. Harrigan had given up humor and taken to wit; that he wanted to impress us with his turns of phrases, not by his delineation of character; that the plan of the thing was to keep Harrigan to the front, where he could talk and not act; that the enormous surrounding of people was held on the operatic chorus plan—not to win, but to warble.

I dare say that all this is the result on the part of Mr. Harrigan of a mistaken intellectual or mimetic vanity. As he has grown and developed he wants to get away from the rough hilarity of his past, and do something altogether constructive, romantic, serious and star-like.

I wonder what the world would have said if Charles Dickens had stopped at Squeers and Mark Tapley and insisted on imitating Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Barbauld?

Playwrights, at least, cannot be measured by their desires. It is their limitations of ability that fix them. Mr. Harrigan is not a Boucicault, but he can always remain a Harrigan if he will.

Now this opinion of his work and his career is on my part an honest one. I think I am warranted in expressing it and that it is entitled to consideration. But you know as well as I do, that Mr. Harrigan will not like it at all.

You might as well tell that royally good fellow, Frank Mayo, that he ought to give up Nordeck and stick to Davy Crockett. Mr. Mayo would quote you whole tomes from the "Light of Asia" to prove that you are wrong.

How do you suppose Mr. Steele Mackaye would take the lecture that he himself provokes in the mind of every man who has followed him with admiration for his genius and a certain affectionate contempt for his erratic perversity.

There is a scholar and philosopher who in many differing ways has evoked astonishment at his enthusiasm, his versatility, his knowledge and his emphasis. Whatever he touches vibrates.

But shall we measure him by his vibrations like a drum, or by his progress like a planet? He has got to be sized up by the dread things he has taught us to expect of him. Why should he monkey on the stage when he can move communities in his study?

You cannot remain in his company half an hour without feeling that he has something to say to the world. You never see him act ten minutes without knowing that he isn't saying it, or if he is somebody can say it better with half the labor.

But enough of this. It's all owing to Harrigan. If he has shattered our ideal it isn't my fault. No one, I am sure, would work harder than I to set up the pieces on the old pedestal.

NYM CRINKLE.



CATHERINE COGGSWELL.

theatre was the only vaudeville theatre in America. It caught with something of the graphically of a Dickens, the distinctive low life and picturesque life of the metropolis as nobody else had ever caught it.

While the playwrights were bewailing the want of color and contrast in our community he was showing us the marvellously bright and humorous side of the scenes and people that were always under our eyes. He went down to the docks and into the garrets and cellars; he climbed up among the squatters and strode into the shipyards. There wasn't anything so poor and lowly that it escaped him whatever its color or birth or condition.

One other thing he did, and this, I think, has been overlooked. There was an element here that was distinctively American. It was one of the most influential and popular of all forms of public amusement. I mean negro minstrelsy. After dominating the country as no

town. Their melodies went everywhere round the world, and one might hear the sad refrain of "Nelly was a lady" in the glens of the Alps, displacing the *rans des vaches*, as it had caught the fancy of the bejewelled lady in St. Petersburg. There was, too, a lusty, barbaric sportiveness in minstrel humor. It had all the warrant of a rhythmic, superstitious nature, and all the grace of people bred under a Southern sun.

Mr. Harrigan at the moment of the decline of minstrelsy caught and combined and preserved its best features in his earlier entertainments. He executed the remarkable feat of amalgamating the best types of two enslaved races in a compound of joviality that had never been seen before. The Americanized Irishman with all his inheritance of wit and humor and incorrigible prejudice, his love of a row and his overweening superstition, was placed in juxtaposition with the ebullient,

laugh themselves into hysterics. His theatre was the only one in town that caught the salient life of the town, and it became celebrated the whole country over for this reason. What a hundred other men had tried to do and failed to do Mr. Harrigan succeeded in doing. He was contemporaneous, local, original and fearless.

At what particular point in Mr. Harrigan's career he made up his mind to abandon all this, I cannot definitely say. But abandon it all he has. The distinctive people who made his parti-colored sketches unique in character have been all weeded out, save Mrs. Yeamans, and Mr. Harrigan has gone over to the old Bowery school of Emerald Isle melodrama. The charm of his stage Irishman that grew out of the Americanization of the Irishman is gone. We no longer see the peasant of the Isle triumphing in the freedom of ward democracy. All the irresistible anomalies of our

TEN YEARS OLD TO-DAY

THE MIRROR CELEBRATES ITS TENTH BIRTHDAY.

A Retrospective Glance at its Important Work and Brilliant Achievements During an Exceptionally Active and Progressive Dramatic Decade—Its Wonderful Growth in Circulation and Influence—Reforms and Improvements Brought About for the Benefit of the Stage and the Profession.

The first number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was issued on Jan. 4, 1879, at No. 12 Union Square. Dramatic journalism, so far as it can be said to have existed at all at that time, was conducted on the one hand in a manner that approached blackmailing so closely that it would have been difficult to make the distinction. On the other hand, the doings and gossip of the stage were chronicled in the honest old New York *Clipper* in the same spirit that this organ of the sporting fraternity would deal with a prize fight or a horse race. The *Clipper* is to this day the favorite organ of the variety stage.

THE MIRROR was started, accordingly, to represent the real interests of actors and managers, and to advance the dramatic art in this country. While absolutely independent from the start, it appealed for support rather to the profession itself than to the general public interested in stage news. The profession was not slow to recognize this new departure, and the paper met with encouraging success from the first issue. There were the usual wisecracks who predicted failure, and that actors and actresses would not maintain a fair and unbiased dramatic paper unless they were forced to do so by the usual methods of levying blackmail. THE MIRROR took the opposite ground, and proceeded to demonstrate the correctness and soundness of its opinion.

THE FIRST ISSUE.

The first number sought pictorial embellishment on its front page by presenting an effigy of Tony Pastor. The process of reproduction direct from the photograph was not in practical use by photo-engravers, and consequently Mr. Pastor's smiling features had to be entrusted to the artist's pencil previous to being transferred to the engraver's block. It can hardly be said to have been a flattering success, however conspicuous in other respects. It may prove of interest to glance over the advertisements with which his counterpart was surrounded.

We find that William Henderson, who was managing the old Standard Theatre, commending Almost A Life for metropolitan favor. At Booth's Theatre, since torn down, Manager W. R. Deutsch was edifying the community with the burlesques, Evangeline and Babes in the Wood, in which Gus Williams and James Maffitt were announced to appear. Henry E. Abbey was the lessee of the old Park Theatre, since destroyed by fire, where Colville's Opera Burlesque company were performing in Babes in the Wood. Edward F. Starin, the manager of Niblo's Garden at that time, was announcing the production of the Irish drama, Peep o' Day. The old Broadway Theatre was under the management of Edgar and Fulton, who called attention in their advertisement to the last nights of Barney Macaulay in Uncle Dan'l. Only a Farmer's Daughter, an attraction still to be found in the Dates Ahead column, was declared to be the great hit of the season at the Globe Theatre, of which Frank B. Murtha was manager. This house was subsequently burnt down. The Germania Theatre, conducted by Director Adolf Neuendorff, announced German performances. Harrigan and Hart were holding forth in Christmas Joys and Sorrows at the Theatre Comique. Joseph Jefferson was delighting large audiences with the perennial Rip Van Winkle at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Sam Devere as Jasper was the card at the Bowery Theatre, then under the management of Ferdinand W. Hofele, and known to the theatrical public to-day as Jacobs' Thalia Theatre. Last, but not least of the amusement advertisements, Tony Pastor informed the community that the best company in the world could be seen at his house in a grand holiday bill of novelties.

EVOLUTION.

In addition to these announcements the first number contained quite a creditable showing of professional cards and other theatrical advertisements. The paper consisted of eight pages of five columns each, but the columns were considerably smaller in width and length than to-day, while the quality of paper and general make-up of THE MIRROR at that time were not to be compared with its artistic issues in subsequent years. Nor was the literary matter as attractive or newsy as that to be found in a modern MIRROR. Besides the customary musical and dramatic criticisms of metropolitan performances, there were four columns of letters from correspondents in Albany, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere. In the first number this department was headed, "Out of Town." This heading was changed to "Drama in the States" in the second number. The latter designation was retained until the issue of March 19, 1881, when the present term, "Provincial," was used as a general classification for out-of-town correspondence. The headings of "Personal" and "Professional Doings" were used from the start. The

"Dates Ahead" department was not inaugurated until the sixth number. The term "At the Theatres" was first employed as a permanent heading to designate the criticisms of New York productions in the issue of Sept. 18, 1880. It had been evolved from "Thespis in Gotham," "New York Amusements," "The Week at the Theatres," "The City Theatres," and "The Theatres." "The Usher," a department with which the editor of THE MIRROR has since been identified, was started in the issue of Dec. 13, 1879. "The Giddy Gusher" feature was instituted in the number of June 11, 1881. At first it was merely a series of pithy paragraphs, and it was not until some time later that the sprightly pen of its present writer began making this department famous.

The size of THE MIRROR was enlarged to twelve pages with the issue of Feb. 21, 1880, the price remaining at five cents. This was owing to the encroachment of advertisements on the reading matter, and opened the eyes of managers to the fact that the paper had come to stay. The name of Harrison Grey Fiske as editor first appeared on the editorial page on July 17, 1880, although he had been editing the paper for a considerable period previous to that date.

EXPANSION.

The most objectionable blackmailers that infested dramatic journalism had one after the other been exposed by THE MIRROR and compelled to seek "pastures new" for their field of operation. The tone of the paper, which was naturally decidedly aggressive on this account, became more conservative. The bane of the profession had been removed, and actors and actresses have universally recognized THE MIRROR as their best friend ever since.

THE ACTORS' FUND STARTED.

After this mission had been accomplished THE MIRROR, which was firmly established as the professional organ, began to urge in 1880 the necessity of a fund for actors, and advocated the proposition strenuously and persistently. The views of the principal actors and managers, as expressed through a long series of interviews in its columns, were found to be heartily in accord with the project. Mr. A. M. Palmer, then manager of the Union Square Theatre, was the most prominent and enthusiastic supporter of the movement. To his personal efforts, in conjunction with THE MIRROR, was due the ultimate establishment and organization of the fund. In the issue of Feb. 14, 1880, THE MIRROR launched the first editorial on the subject, in which the editor expressed himself as follows: "The theatres have their own good work to do, and they have no chance to do it properly, because of the incessant requirements of these outside charities. . . . One of the good works which has been too long neglected by the theatres is the establishment of a sinking fund, to be managed by an executive here in New York, for the prompt relief of actors in distress and the prompt remedy of any wrongs from which professionals may suffer. We do not need for this purpose any great benevolent association, like that of the Elks—which does its own noble work in its own way—nor like the old Dramatic Fund. All that is necessary is for the managers throughout the country to agree to raise a sinking fund by giving one benefit a year at each theatre, and to vote some such practical and responsible New York manager as Lester Wallack, A. M. Palmer or J. H. Haverly into office for a year as custodian or treasurer of the fund, with a strong committee of the leading managers of the country to meet here every Summer to supervise and audit the accounts. By this simple plan, without any great trouble to anybody and without any individual expense, a fund would be raised and managed that would do more to relieve, elevate and strengthen the profession than any other scheme which has ever been devised."

On March 6 of the same year an editorial appeared entitled "The Theatrical Relief Fund," from which the following is quoted: "We continue, this week, our interviews with prominent managers in regard to the formation and maintenance of a Theatrical Relief Fund, and Manager Haverly and Manager Smith give their adhesion to the project as enthusiastically as Manager Palmer did last week. It will be remembered that our plan for this Relief Fund is as simple as it is comprehensive, and imposes no great labor or expense upon anybody. One benefit at every theatre which joins the association will give an immediate capital. After that one benefit a year will keep the Fund up to the mark, and supply all demands upon it. . . . We have not met with a single professional who was not in favor of this Fund, nor with a single manager who was not willing to assist it. After St. Patrick's Day we shall begin to arrange for a series of benefits to organize the institution." On March 13 appeared a long editorial plea headed "The Actors' Relief Fund," and in the subsequent issue of March 30 the prospective organization was first called by its present title, "The Actors' Fund." The movement was agitated week after week, until the entire profession was aroused to the necessity of taking active steps to establish this much needed charity.

On March 12, 1882, a meeting of the managers of New York and Brooklyn was held at the Morton House to discuss a plan of organization, and on June 8 of the same year the Actors' Fund of America was legally incorporated, fifty-seven leading managers comprising the list of incorporators. On July 15 Lester Wallack was chosen president; A. M. Palmer,

vice-president; Daniel Frohman, secretary, and Theodore Moss, treasurer.

THE LICENSE MONIES.

On Sept. 23, 1882, THE MIRROR contained an article headed "Theatre License Money," which deplored the fact that the large sum paid by a manager in New York went to support the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. The article was followed by the draft of a bill to secure legislation in the premises. On Jan. 20, 1883, it was announced editorially that Senator Grady had presented THE MIRROR's bill, with a few minor amendments, to the Legislature at Albany, and that action would be taken on it during the current session. On May 9, 1885, THE MIRROR was able to inform the profession that its theatrical license bill had passed both the Assembly and Senate and only awaited the approval of the Governor. At the May meeting of the trustees of the Actors' Fund it was triumphantly reported that the bill had become a law. This wise piece of legislation was destined to be of great importance to the Fund. By its terms the moneys paid annually for theatre licenses by the managers of New York City were placed in the hands of the New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment for distribution. Previously they had been given in their entirety to the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. In 1885 the Actors' Fund received \$6,350, and \$9,000 in 1886 and 1887, respectively, from this source. It is expected that the Fund will receive one-half of the theatrical license moneys of 1888, and there is no reason whatever why the entire revenue derived from metropolitan theatres in this manner should not be restored for theatrical charity.

At the fourth annual meeting of the Fund, which was held at the Union Square Theatre, A. M. Palmer was elected president, and Harrison Grey Fiske, secretary, and both of them have been retained in those offices ever since. On May 1, 1887, the headquarters of the Fund were transferred from No. 12 Union Square to No. 145 Fifth Avenue. The offices of THE MIRROR, which had hitherto been on the upper part of the same Union Square building, were removed at the same time. THE MIRROR leased the Fifth Avenue premises and sublet to the Actors' Fund the handsome rooms occupied at present by that worthy organization.

THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT FUND.

The dedication of the memorial monument was celebrated with appropriate and impressive ceremonies on June 6, 1887, in the Cemetery of the Evergreens. In the course of his address President A. M. Palmer referred to THE MIRROR's efforts to raise the required sum for the monument as follows: "The editor of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, who is also the secretary of the Fund, acting under the authorization of the trustees, made, on Jan. 8th last, a singularly eloquent and fervent appeal to the members of the profession, asking them to contribute the sum of \$2,500 necessary to complete the amount agreed upon for the monument. This appeal came at the right moment, and it aroused the latent generosity and interest of our professional friends throughout the country. With such alacrity did they respond to it that in four weeks from the time of its utterance the sum of \$3,192 20, or \$700 more than was asked for, had been subscribed, and upon its being announced that that the surplus money would be used in providing headstones and beautifying the grounds, the subscriptions continued to pour in until the great sum of \$4,564 60, or \$2,064 60 more than was originally asked for, was realized. These subscriptions came from more than two thousand members of the profession. They were in various sums, from ten cents up to \$100. The donors included those in every rank, from the prosperous star and manager down to the humblest ballet-girl, utility-man and mechanic. No such general and generous outpourings of money for an object purely professional has, I am sure, ever been known in the history of the American theatre. For one, I cannot but regard it as a hopeful sign, pointing to more important efforts upon the part of our united profession in the future."

When the American Dramatic Fund Association first broached the idea of winding up its affairs to divide its money among the eighty-seven surviving members, instead of transferring it to the Actors' Fund, THE MIRROR took the initiative in entering a vigorous protest in behalf of the Fund. As the matter could not be settled amicably it was taken into the courts. The suit at the present writing is still pending, and there will be no final decision in the case until it has been argued in the Supreme Court, ex-Judge Dittenhoefer having been retained as counsel by Fanny Davenport and other opposing members.

In May, 1888, J. J. Spies was placed in charge of the Dramatic Bureau connected with the Actors' Fund. The object of the Bureau is to help worthy actors and actresses to good employment.

USEFUL FEATURES.

As early as June 7, 1879, THE MIRROR Letter List was established, by which professionals and managers could communicate with one another by addressing their letters to the publication office of their dramatic organ. These letters are advertised for four weeks, and then returned if not called for. Many thousands of letters pass annually through this theatrical post-office.

On Aug. 2, 1879, this mode of communication was supplemented by a Dramatic Directory containing the regular address of about 300 theatrical persons. This list was added to

for about three months, but it was found a difficult matter to obtain additional addresses at that time, and so this feature fell into "innocuous desuetude." The dramatic agents continued their nefarious methods of suppressing the whereabouts of all professionals who did not do business with them. They were exposed in the columns of this paper over and over again, but they somehow succeeded in retaining a hold on many victims. With the publication of the Directory of the Theatrical Profession in the "New York Mirror Annual for 1888" these dramatic agents were deprived of their stock in trade, and a large number of players were emancipated from their galling and degrading yokes. This Directory, which is approximately if not actually complete, contains many more names than all their jealously guarded registry books combined. Moreover, the classification of the names under the various lines of business greatly augments its value. Now managers can have absolute freedom for selection, while actors can make engagements without danger of extortion.

PLAY-PIRATES HUNTED DOWN.

While on the subject of reforms brought about by THE MIRROR, the crusade against play-pirates and the reform in theatrical dressing-rooms should not be overlooked. On Feb. 10, 1887, attention was called to the fact that the Bureau of Stolen Plays in New York and Chicago, which several years previous had been exposed and temporarily abandoned, was again in full blast; that the meandering pirates secured their copies of manuscript pieces from this source, and that our national legislature must be brought sooner or later to see the necessity of amending the domestic copyright laws, so that play-stealing will be a criminal misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment as well as fines. This was followed up week after week by a vigorous crusade against all managers and barnstorming companies who were dealing in stolen goods. The whole correspondence staff of the paper was formed into a vigilance committee and made weekly reports to the editor at the home office. No one was exposed without substantial proof, and the columns of the paper were always open for explanatory communications when managers claimed to be presenting pieces that they did not know were pirated versions. The pirate flag was speedily hauled down all over the country, as local managers did not care to have THE MIRROR class them as countenancing outlaws and thus incur the ill-will of respectable members of the profession.

BAD DRESSING-ROOMS REMEDIED.

The dressing-room reform was equally successful. On Nov. 17, 1887, THE MIRROR opened its columns to all well-founded and signed complaints against filthy, damp, or otherwise unsuitable dressing-rooms in provincial theatres, with the object of securing comfortable accommodations for the profession wherever they were needed. This movement resulted in a general overhauling of dilapidated rat-holes which were thought good enough for "fakirs," "barnstormers," and "strolling players," as rural managers are sometimes wont to term members of the profession. The usual method of these managers was to provide respectable quarters after they had been exposed, and then to send a document to THE MIRROR accusing the local correspondent or the company that had made the complaint of malicious representation. It was not difficult, however, to read between the lines, and so long as they had made the necessary repairs their previous offense was duly condoned.

THE PASSION PLAY PREVENTED.

When in 1880 the Passion Play was announced for production at Booth's Theatre, under Henry E. Abbey's management, THE MIRROR published the first article condemning the idea and advising the managers to weigh well the consequences. In order to test the feeling of the religious portion of the community in the matter, a representative was detailed to call on the pastors of the various New York churches to obtain their candid views irrespective of creed and belief. The result was published in the issue of Oct. 30, 1880, consisting in conversations which conclusively showed that the project was universally condemned by the people's spiritual advisers, and that they did not approve of charitable ends to justify blasphemous means.

THE MIRROR, quick to perceive the injury which would be done to the profession by arraying the entire religious community against the theatres, at once entered the lists in opposition to the San Francisco speculators who were pushing the undertaking, and declared that their sacrilegious desecration of the theatre should not be permitted.

This was the first time that THE MIRROR, as the accredited representative of American managers, found it necessary to oppose one of them for the benefit of the rest.

When it was declared editorially that the Passion Play should not be produced, many readers asked themselves how it could be prevented. First of all, the paper tried argument and persuasion upon Manager Abbey himself, pointing out to him the logical results of his infatuation and urging him to bravely abandon the California crowd who had entrapped him into an impossible contract. To these arguments Manager Abbey responded by defiance.

THE MIRROR then prepared a petition to the Mayor and Common Council, and caused it to be circulated among the most cultivated classes of citizens, the best patrons of the theatre. Within a few days thousands of signatures to this petition were obtained, each name representative of hundreds of others.

From week to week the most distinguished clergymen were interviewed in regard to the Passion Play, until they were equally aroused with the theatrical profession. The metropolitan press, which had been lukewarm when THE MIRROR first took up the subject, thundered from all sides against the desecration of the stage. When Manager Abbey found that the entire public and the whole respectable press were against him, and when he read the ordinance which the Board of Aldermen were called upon to enact, he yielded to the storm of indignation, although he had refused to yield to the force of argument, and formally withdrew the Passion Play from rehearsal in Booth's Theatre a few days before the date announced for its production.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

In the issue of Dec. 30, 1882, in administering a rebuke to a clergyman of New Haven for having employed opprobrious words in regard to the profession, THE MIRROR said editorially: "There are many who seem to be very anxious for close association of the church and theatre, and who are on the alert to secure the countenance and sanction of the clergy. This anxiety is not, in our opinion, at all needful or pertinent. The church and the theatre are altogether different institutions, and each has a mission of its own. The one is for spiritual instruction; the other is for social and intellectual entertainment. The province of the one is grave and solemn; of the other, buoyant and ornamental. The blending of the two or their too close contact would be injurious to both. . . . The attempt to confound them or to substitute one for the other, can only lead to endless confusion. If we are not mistaken, it is in this direction that an attempt such as the Passion Play errs; it seeks to mix things not compatible, to combine the church with the theatre—an impracticable, impossible and unwholesome union. Let not professionals or their friends be overanxious to secure clerical endorsement; let them stand on their own merits, maintaining their own dignity, and at all times and in all places assert their absolute independence."

In March, 1888, the *Christian Union* gave expression to its opinions on the drama, maintaining that the theatre was not deserving of wholesale condemnation. This editorial was submitted by the editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott, to some representative actors and managers, and their views on the subject of the Church and Theatre, as presented in the *Christian Union*, were republished by THE MIRROR in the issue of April 7, 1888. The persons interviewed in this manner comprised the Hon. P. T. Barnum, Helena Modjeska, A. M. Palmer, Col. William E. Sinn, Charles Fisher, Gabriel Harrison and Harrison Grey Fiske. In an editorial on the subject Dr. Abbott said:

Most discussions of this topic have been wholly one-sided. The theatrical papers have presented one side, the religious papers the other; and neither class of readers has known what the other class thought. We are desirous to give church readers an opportunity of hearing for themselves what some leading members of the theatrical profession have to say for their own calling. We should be glad to record any illustration of equal catholicity on the part of any dramatic journal, in giving to its readers what such a critic as Dr. Buckley or Dr. Herrick Johnson had to say in condemnation of the modern stage.

In response to the suggestion made in the last part of the above extract, THE MIRROR of April 21, 1888, devoted a large part of its space to a frank and free discussion of the drama from the clerical and other points of view. The orthodox view was presented by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, the editor of the *Christian Advocate*. Had Dr. Herrick Johnson been a resident of New York instead of the far West, an expression of his views would have been sought as well. The Rev. Dr. Houghton, rector of the "Little Church Around the Corner," expressed broad opinions, and declared that he had often advised people to go to the theatre, but it depended a great deal on what theatres were attended. Equally liberal views were expressed by the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey, of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Rev. Robert Colver, of the Unitarian Church. Other persons included in this symposium and well qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject, were Robert G. Ingersoll and Mrs. Burton Harrison. Two physicians, Dr. Egbert Guernsey and Dr. T. S. Robertson, furnished a novel and interesting phase to the discussion in their views on the hygienic virtues of theatre-going.

THE PRESS AND THE PROFESSION.

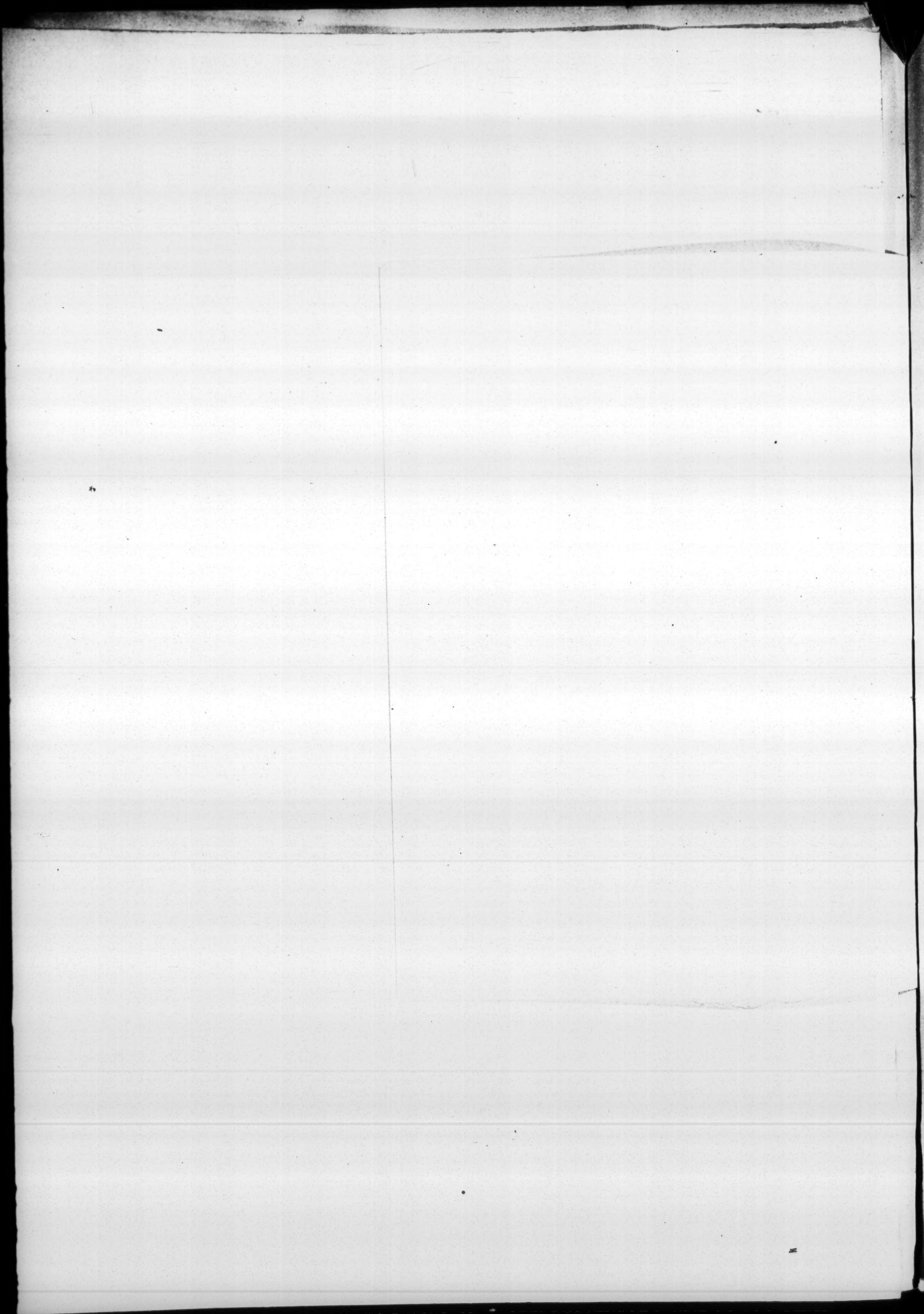
An injustice that THE MIRROR has often had occasion to denounce is the manner in which the misunderstandings that arise in any walk of life are unduly magnified by the daily press in the case of the theatrical profession. In referring to this offense in the issue of April 25, 1885, THE MIRROR said: "There is a mystery and glamor about the stage that is a constant plique to the curiosity of the reading and the theatre-going public; and those who conduct the daily press will strain a point to connect the name of one who errs, be it man or woman, with the calling of the actor. If it be a woman, so much the better for the purposes of the sensation. The morbid curiosity of the public must be catered to, even at the expense of truth. This is the coin in which journalism pays a sister profession for its patronage and good will."

Quite recently, THE MIRROR having again occasion to refer to the same subject, said editorially: "If there has been any one object, besides that of making the brightest and best dramatic newspaper, which we have always held in view, it is the avoidance of scurrilous and scandal. That we have succeeded in consistently following this course our files and the profession-at-large bear unimpeachable testi-



HARRISON GREY FISKE.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW YORK MIRROR, DEC. 18, 1888.



mony. . . There are papers enough in this broad land that avowedly pander to the debased and salacious instincts of the mob of readers; papers that delight in exploiting the real or invented details of divorce cases, breach of promise suits, disgraceful brawls, notorious liaisons and the like; papers that consider such matter the choicer tidbits, if they have but the slightest professional flavor. To such papers THE MIRROR leaves such affairs, preferring to reflect only those events that concern the stage as an art and as a business pursuit, and to enjoy the respect as well as the confidence and support of all decent men and women in and out of the dramatic profession."

PUNCTURING INJUSTICE AND VENALITY.

Unfortunately this is not the only injustice the stage is made to suffer at the hands of journalism. As recently as last July, THE MIRROR made editorial comment of the incompetent and inconsistent criticism of theatrical performances to be encountered in a large proportion of daily newspapers. In the course of the editorial THE MIRROR said: "There is no department of journalism that requires gradual and constant education so much as dramatic criticism. The faculty of judging the merits and imperfections of a new play with accuracy and nice discernment cannot possibly be exercised by a mere apprentice. That is to say, no writer, however clever he may be in general literary work, can jump at critical conclusions without technical knowledge of the subject, nor can he give a critical analysis of the piece without some special knowledge of modern stage productions. THE MIRROR has from time to time pointed out the absurdities and misstatements of the daily press, and will continue in this course until every metropolitan newspaper employs a competent dramatic editor."

In the same issue appeared an editorial entitled "A Source of Danger," deprecating the arrangements that are frequently and openly made in the counting-rooms of various newspapers for the insertion of lengthy puffs, presented under the guise of news or descriptive matter. Theatrical notices of this mercenary character are not only an imposition on the public, but do much to undermine the character of respectable journalism. THE MIRROR has always maintained an attitude of uncompromising exactitude in regard to this matter. Advertisements appear on its pages only where they belong. Not for the weight of the type in gold—not for any sum, however large—has any person ever procured and paid for a line in this paper that was not published as an advertisement."

THE PRESS-LIST QUESTION.

In 1886 the New York Herald started an agitation looking toward the abolishment of the free pass system, especially as to the press. But the Herald's argument was rather one-sided, as its reporters only interviewed the managers. THE MIRROR, accordingly, took considerable trouble to investigate both sides, and sent its reporters to interview the critics as well as the managers. The general tone of these interviews proved that the managers as a body had no sympathy with the alleged movement. They expressed their perfect sympathy with the present custom of extending ordinary courtesies to the press, but utilized the occasion to exhort the noble army of promiscuous deadheads that assails them, and to lampoon the pernicious system of lithographs and bill-board tickets.

The critics almost to a man ridiculed the idea that the seats sent to them for their night performances could influence their criticism. They maintained that they did not look upon such seats as favors. If the managers were not desirous of having their productions noticed, the tickets would not be sent. The newspapers could easily afford to buy whatever tickets were necessary for critical purposes. They held that the question of expense does not enter into the matter at all; but, on the other hand, should the critics be required to pay for their seats like other folks, it would then be in order for the papers to shut down on the courtesies they willingly extend to the managers. The general opinion was that these courtesies in no way involve the critic's opinion—they simply give publicity to many little matters that have no vital importance and no news value to the newspaper, but which do a great deal to help the theatres in keeping their attractions under the public eye.

THE ONE-NIGHT STAND REFORM.

On Jan. 6, 1883, THE MIRROR pointed out that managers of the leading attractions, disgusted with past experiences, were shunning the one-night stands as places where money was likely to be lost but not made; that this was owing to the fact that towns of less than ten thousand inhabitants could not support four, five and six attractions in one week; and that the only remedy for this state of affairs was for traveling managers to band themselves together and peremptorily refuse to make dates at one-night stands unless the stipulated limit of combinations to be presented each week was complied with by the local manager.

The urgent need of an immediate reform was universally admitted. Realizing that the best means of securing a wide expression of opinion was to communicate with the out-of-town managers directly, THE MIRROR's correspondents were instructed to ascertain whether they favored the movement or not, and to obtain their reasons in either case. These interviews, which were published week after week, sometimes took up more than a page of the paper's valuable space. This was cheerfully given,

however, to further the interests of the profession.

By March 10, 1883, all the local managers that THE MIRROR was able to reach by this means had expressed their views on the subject, and in nearly every instance they favored the suggested remedy of limiting the number of companies played weekly at one-night stands, according to the size of the places and the amount of money the inhabitants had shown their willingness to pay toward the support of amusements.

This reform was subsequently put into practical operation to a very considerable extent, and may be said to have brought about the systematic and intelligent method now in force of booking companies so as not to come in conflict with each other at the one-night stands.

COMBINATION AND STOCK COMPANIES.

The combination system has always been commended by this paper for the unquestionable advantages it offers to the country at large to enjoy the successful productions of city theatres. At the same time THE MIRROR has not been blind to the hardships it imposes on the profession in the wear and tear of excessive travel. It is to be hoped that the partial amelioration in doing away with the undue frequency of one-night stands will be followed by other measures of equal importance in lessening the discomforts of theatrical life.

Stock companies do not seem to thrive outside of New York City and one or two other large centres. The problem is, therefore, an extremely difficult one to solve. Possibly by the time that THE MIRROR has added another decade to its record it will have instituted a change for the better in this as well as other impediments and privations to which actors and actresses of road companies are subjected at present.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

Concerning the Inter-State Commerce law THE MIRROR said, editorially, in the issue of May 14, 1887: "The result to the play-going public out-of-town can readily be foreseen, if the Inter-State Commerce law, as at present interpreted, should remain in force. The small towns have for many years enjoyed almost all the productions that originate in the metropolis and with the same grade of artistic and scenic excellence. They will, under the circumstances set forth, experience a change decidedly for the worse. The artistic level will be sunk, the character of the provincial stage will suffer a decline, and an era of barn-storming with all its demoralizing and debilitating features will set in. . . . There is only one way, we think, to avert it, and that way we believe will prevail. No law seriously affecting the prosperity of the bulk of our population, no law that has pretty nearly universally aroused a feeling of resentment, can exist for long, in its obnoxious bearings at least. The profession will unquestionably secure relief from the unjust provisions of the Inter-State Commerce act along with other classes." In fact, as predicted in this editorial, the Inter-State law has ceased to be the terrible bugbear it was to the profession at the beginning.

It has been interpreted that a railway may legally make special terms for the carrying of theatrical passengers from one point to another in a State. Many of the railway companies have taken advantage of the privilege vested in them to offer reduced rates to a certain number of people traveling together on one ticket—irrespective of class or condition—while mileage and excursion tickets are also permitted.

INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.

Ever since 1882 THE MIRROR has impressed on the profession the advisability of securing an international dramatic copyright. There is no reason why with unity of support a strong effort to right the wrongs that are being committed by unscrupulous depredators on both sides of the ocean should not succeed.

In 1887 many charges were brought against the negligent or incompetent directors of the Forrest Home in Philadelphia. After thorough investigation THE MIRROR took them severely to task for their mismanagement of what, properly administered, should be a noble monument to the philanthropy of its founder and a blessing to those who have grown gray in the service of the stage. Some day THE MIRROR hopes to find the means of rescuing the Forrest Home from its narrow administration and placing it upon a basis of large usefulness.

THE CANCELLING OF DATES.

Among other features in theatrical business which THE MIRROR has found itself called upon to condemn is the habit of unscrupulous traveling managers to cancel dates made with hall proprietors in smaller towns. Unless the local manager was indemnified for violation of contract in flagrant cases, the offending party has invariably been exposed when there was no doubt of his guilt.

The paper also opposed the practice in vogue from 1883 to 1885 of turning theatres into skating rinks to cater to an ephemeral craze. The policy of various managers at that period in allowing first class companies to play in dime museums was also shown to be short sighted, and THE MIRROR's arguments proved as sound in this instance as in many other cases where snares and pitfalls were pointed out to the profession.

A "JOB" FRUSTRATED.

In the issue of Feb. 4, 1888, appeared a scathing editorial on the so-called "Husted Bill" introduced in the State Legislature of

New York, which, if it became a law, would relieve New York City of the cost of keeping firemen in the theatres and transfer the expense to metropolitan managers. The aggregate income from this source, which would reach about \$30,000 per annum, was to go to the Firemen's Relief Fund. This piece of nefarious political jobbery was so thoroughly exposed by THE MIRROR that, marshaled into line by Manager Sanger, the managers took concerted action in the matter, and the bill has never been heard of since. It was presumably pigeon-holed forever and for aye.

THE PROFESSIONAL FREE-LIST.

At the request of several members of the profession THE MIRROR turned its attention last July to the vexed question of the extent of the courtesies which actors may justly expect from managers in the matter of free admission to the theatres. With a view to ascertaining, and, if possible, establishing the actor's status in this regard, the opinions of many leading managers were given publicity in the issue of July 21, 1888. After giving due weight to these interviews, it was pointed out editorially that the manager, under certain circumstances, is bound by higher claims than those of courtesy to extend—when he can—the hospitality of his house to those regularly and reputedly connected with the stage; it was argued that whatever contributes to the general excellence and prosperity of the theatre benefits all who are associated in its work. At the same time it was held that no actor should claim entrance to theatres as a right, for there can be no question that the manager has the absolute power to welcome or repulse professional visitors; it is merely a question of hospitality, and all actors were advised to be governed in their demands by consideration for those amenities of social relationship which ought to prevail among all well-bred and considerate people.

HOLIDAY NUMBERS.

Among the numerous attractive features introduced in the paper from time to time, that of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, issued every year since 1880, has met with conspicuous and gratifying success. The first of these holiday numbers was brought out on Dec. 25, 1880, and with the fifth volume thus inaugurated the price of the paper was raised to ten cents. In addition to the usual departments, it contained about two dozen special articles and poems from histrionic and literary celebrities. Harry Ogden furnished a special design for the first page entitled, "The Mirror of the Season," in which an elongated figure of Sara Bernhardt seems to tower above all the other stage luminaries.

The second CHRISTMAS MIRROR, published on Dec. 24, 1881, was similar to the first, with some additional attractions. Kalulu designed a title page which was printed in blue ink. There was nothing blue, however, in the jovial features of old Father Christmas, grasping his punch bowl with a knowing wink. Kalulu also drew a combination picture for the first page entitled "Christmas Reflexions," and the supplement consisted of a handsome lithographic supplement in nine colors presenting a beautiful portrait of Margaret Mather. This number was in such demand that a second edition had to be issued, the first having been entirely exhausted on the day of publication.

The Christmas issue of 1882 like all of its successors, abounded in good stories, reminiscences, poems, anecdotes and novelettes by prominent actors, actresses and dramatists, in addition to bright contributions from leading journalists and literateurs. A character sketch of Edwin Booth as Richelieu, drawn by S. S. Knapp, adorned the first page, and the design for the tinted title-page was executed by the same artist.

In 1883, the holiday number was elaborated to twenty pages. In addition to an effective frontispiece, presenting Fanny Davenport as Fedora, there were many other artistic features, and the quality of the reading matter was considered very entertaining.

Equal success was obtained in 1884 in making the Christmas number a source of satisfaction and pleasure to the many readers of THE MIRROR. Captain Alfred Thompson contributed a theatrical cartoon for the cover, and a series of comic sketches entitled "Theatre of the Future."

Helen Dauvray was the central figure on the tinted Christmas cover in 1885. Harry Ogden drew full page combination pictures, presenting various scenes from Saints and Sinners and Hoodman Blind and the literary matter was up to the standard.

In 1886 the cover contained a medieval design by Alfred Pilgrim, the central figure displaying a court jester holding "As 'twere the Mirror up to Nature." E. W. Kemble drew an illustration for the first page descriptive of the manner in which Thespian travelers in yestern times in contrast to the luxury of a modern palace car. The list of contributors was unusually striking in the collective celebrity of distinguished actors, actresses, journalists and men of letters. All contributions contained autograph signatures, a novelty that has since become a regular feature of holiday numbers.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

In 1887 the CHRISTMAS MIRROR was made a separate publication from the regular issue, and was gotten up in such sumptuous style that the price was raised to twenty-five cents. From the numerous complimentary press notices the following is extracted at random to convey some idea of what the critics had to say of it: "The Christmas number of the New York

MIRROR is the best that has ever been issued by this pre-eminent dramatic paper, and I can do no better service to my readers than to recommend them to possess a copy. It is a thing of beauty as well as a most interesting compendium of theatrical news. The cover contains two pictures—one a fanciful sketch of an actress at her make-up, the other a life-like portrait of that famous manager, A.M. Palmer, both being exquisitely colored. The thirty-five pages are attractive with many a reminiscence and story of the stage, written by its most prominent figures, and ornate with a number of portraits and illustrations."

The Christmas number for the current year was published last Saturday (Dec. 8), and is said to far surpass the excellence of all similar issues. The magnificent supplement entitled "In the Wings," a reproduction from the famous Salon painting by Tojetti, has made a great hit, and the presses are running day and night to supply the demand for copies from all over the country. Its literary and artistic contents are referred to elsewhere.

OTHER NOTABLE SPECIAL ISSUES.

On April 15, 1882, THE MIRROR issued an Easter number of sixteen pages, the special feature of which was a full page character sketch of Margaret Mather. This was followed by a MIDSUMMER MIRROR of twenty-four pages, published on August 12 of the same year. The tinted cover contained an appropriate design of Beauty reclining in a hammock, and the supplement—a large chromo-lithograph in nine colors entitled "Union Square in Midsummer"—presented, in addition to the old MIRROR office and adjoining buildings, the portraits of over 100 members of the profession. The literary features were numerous and attractive.

The Midsummer number of 1883 was brought out on Sept. 1. It consisted of twenty pages, with a tasteful and seasonable cover, beneath which were no end of good things. This, like all enlarged issues of the paper, was heavily patronized by the profession in the matter of advertisements. In fact the Christmas and other special numbers of THE MIRROR became a business necessity, as the advertising would otherwise have greatly encroached on the space devoted to reading matter.

On April 28, 1883, there was a special issue of the paper in honor of the Dramatic Festival at Cincinnati. The stars of the festival were presented on the first page, and other pertinent illustrations were first featured through the text. The literary contents were also suitable and attractive. Besides the regular issue a special Cincinnati edition of the Festival Number was published the same week, containing additional matter relating to the festival, its stars, Shakespearean data and general information of interest to visitors.

With the issue of Nov. 14, 1885, appeared a lithographic supplement in sixteen colors which attracted great attention, the subject of illustration being the masque scene in Romeo and Juliet, as represented that season in the showy production of that tragedy by J. M. Hill at the Union Square Theatre. Every detail of this stage picture was reproduced in the most artistic manner.

CIRCULATION GROWTH.

The best proof of how the circulation increased when the paper was only in its second year is evinced by the following letter from the manager of the American News Company, dated Aug. 30, 1880:

Mr. H. G. Fiske, 12 Union Square:
DEAR SIR: On investigation I find that the cause of complaint from the readers of your paper that they cannot secure it from the dealers at the usual time is owing to the fact that you do not go to press early enough to supply us with all that we require to send by first trains on the day of its publication, or else your facilities for printing are not sufficient for the demand. Please bear in mind that at this season of the year we are paying you nearly twice the amount of money for the sales of your paper than we were paying you in October and November of last year, and hence we require nearly twice as many copies to supply the demand. If it continues to increase in the same ratio it will be necessary for you to make arrangements to give us our entire supply early on the morning of publication, in order to satisfy the trade; and this is the only thing that can be done to prevent the complaints from dealers and the public that your paper cannot be had on the day of issue. Respectfully yours,

PATRICK FARRELLY, Manager.

It is needless to point out that for several years THE NEW YORK MIRROR has had the largest dramatic circulation in America. Jealous of its success some of the minor theatrical prints have endeavored from time to time to dispute this fact. In order to settle the question to their entire satisfaction THE MIRROR issued a challenge on April 28, 1888, under fair and impartial conditions, from which the following clauses are extracted:

That the *New York Herald* circulation of the competing papers for the entire year 1887 shall be placed in evidence, and also, for public comparison, the total receipts from legitimate advertising during the same period.
That three or more examiners shall be chosen—theatrical managers of character and good standing—one by each competing paper and an additional one by mutual selection.
That the paper or papers failing to show the largest paid circulation and the most lucrative legitimate advertising patronage shall consequently publish the amount of their circulation, and also, the receipts from legitimate advertising for a period of four weeks, and also, the receipts from the five hundred dollars deposited with the treasurer of the Actors' Fund.

The money deposit refers to a clause stipulating that each paper taking part should within two weeks from date place on deposit with the treasurer of the Actors' Fund of America the cash sum of five hundred dollars. "It being agreed that the said sum shall revert without reserve to the Actors' Fund in case of failure to establish the claims in respect to greatest circulation, and the winning contestant to withdraw its deposit." To prove the sincerity of this offer THE MIRROR at the same time published the following voucher:

New York, April 25, 1888.
Received of THE NEW YORK MIRROR their duly executed check on the Bank of the Metropolitan, New York, for five hundred dollars (\$500), payable to the order of

the Actors' Fund of America, which I hold subject to the appended conditions, which are in accordance with those embodied in an article to be published in THE NEW YORK MIRROR of April 25, 1888.
[Signed] THE ACTORS' FUND OF AMERICA,
per T. H. French, Treasurer.

Despite this golden opportunity to assist a worthy charity, THE MIRROR's contemporaries were sufficiently discreet to abstain from entering into the contest. This trifling incident is merely recorded in the spirit of historical accuracy.

THEATRICAL ROSTERS.

In the issue of Aug. 19, 1882, was published a carefully-compiled list of the stars and combinations on the road during the season of 1882-1883. The information was obtained in most instances from the managers direct, and was as complete as it could be made at that time. This compilation was not again undertaken until the present year, when, on Aug. 18, the Theatrical Roster of 1888-1889 was begun. This roster is practically complete, the last installment having been published on Sept. 22.

Another innovation of great practical value to managers, agents, and others engaged in laying out routes was the publication, on Aug. 21, 1886, of an authentic list of agricultural fairs to be held during the year. Fair lists were again published for 1887 and 1888.

VALUABLE RECORDS.

The publication of William Winter's Dramatic Diary was inaugurated on Jan. 3, 1885, when THE MIRROR published Mr. Winter's record of 1883 and 1884. This diary has since appeared every January for the preceding year. An elaboration of this idea was subsequently undertaken in the NEW YORK MIRROR ANNUAL, of which the Dramatic Chronological Record for 1887 was a principal feature.

In 1882 THE MIRROR began the publication of telegraphic news from correspondents to cover the various openings throughout the country to the time of going to press. During the height of the dramatic season these dispatches frequently aggregated two and three columns of space. In this manner the paper was often enabled to present on the day of publication theatrical news of considerable importance that had not been covered by the Associated Press.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

Throughout the past five years considerable attention has been devoted to the doings of amateurs. During the season of 1886-1887 THE MIRROR started the policy of applying genuine criticism to amateur performances, as the leading societies of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City had advanced so much in artistic merit that their representations really deserved something more than mere perfunctory notices. A complete review of the amateur season in these three cities was published in June and July of 1887, according to which the Amaranth and Gilbert societies made the best showing.

A LARGE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

It would take more space than can be devoted to the subject to give a complete list of all the professional people who have had their portraits in THE MIRROR. The smaller likenesses that have appeared from time to time at the head of the "Personals," "Gossip of the Town" columns, and elsewhere must, therefore, be omitted. The larger portraits that have mostly appeared on the first page of the paper are given below. The list is made up according to the letters of the alphabet to which they belong. No alphabetical order has been observed beyond the first letters of the last name, as the list is also intended to give some idea of the order in which the large-sized portraits were published. In some instances they have appeared more than once. The list is as follows:

Mary Anderson, Emma Abbott, Mlle. Angeli, Ned Aronson, Maggie Arlington, Henry E. Abbey, Louis Alcock, Nettie Abbott, Albert, Rudolph Arcand, Celia Atberg, Tony and Lily Adams, Helen Allen, Sydney Armstrong, Belle Arch, Joseph Arthur, Nellie Bonfield, Thomas Bartman, Edwin Booth, Oliver Bond, Byron, Nellie Bonfield, George Bonfield, Sara Bonfield, Helen Bonfield, C. B. Bonfield, Anna Boyle, O. G. Bernard, Terrence Brannigan, Louise Balle, Elliott Barnes, Helen Bancroft, Frederic Byles, Laurence Barrett, George Bartholomew, Madame de Brumant, David Belmont, Edward L. Blythe, Charles Bremer, Newton Burns, J. H. Barnes, Dwight Bell, Laura Joyce Bell, Marie Burroughs, Kyrle Bell, Gertrude A. Blackford, Wilson Barrett, Mrs. D. B. Bonfield, Rachel Bonfield, Frances Bonfield, Mrs. D. Bonfield, Adeline Belgrade, Laura Edith Bell, Dan Bonfield, Louise Bonfield, Lloyd Bruce.
Anne Louise Carey, Venie L. Clancy, Lillian Clancy, Cecile, Barclay Campbell, Mary C. Chester, Ben Campbell, Adelaide Fenton Clancy, Grace Cortland, Robert Carey, M. B. Curtis, Kate Castleton, Idaho Cannan, Kate Clark, Helen Goodman, Laura G. Clancy, Alexander Claffman, Emma Claffman, Richard Claffman, George Claffman, Edna Carey, Corinne, Estelle Claffman, Mathilde Cottrell, George Carey, Sydney Correll, Victor Cameron, Beatrice Cameron, Evelyn Campbell, Kitty Claffman.
Laura Don, Thomas Donaldson, Fanny Davenport, Bruce Darling, Louise Damprey, Adelaide Deitch, Kate Deane, Frederic de Belleville, Maurice Deugre, Augustus Day, Lydia Deane, Lydia Deane, Henry B. Day, Camille D'Arcy, Richard Deane, Selma Deane, Helen Dauvray, Robert Downing, Helen Thompson, Lew Dock-stader.
Edmond, Lew Dock-stader.
Kate Fremont Rine, Carlotta Royle, Gertrude Rine, Pearl Rine, John A. Rine, Lillian Rine, J. R. Rine, Felicia Rine, Lillian Rine, Mary Rine, Grace Rine, Mattie Rine.
W. J. French, Anne Fox, Gustave Frohman, Madeleine Frohman, Max Frohman, Lillian L. French, Charles Fox, Richard Fox, C. P. Fox, R. J. Fox, Margaret Fox, Kate Fox, Daniel Fox, Margaret Fox, Mary H. Fox, Lillian Fox, Lillian Fox, Alice Fox, T. D. Fox, Lillian Fox, Lillian Fox.
Kathie Gerner, Gertrude Gerner, Madeleine Gerner, W. H. Gerner, R. Gerner, John Gerner, N. G. Gerner, Fanny Gerner, Lily Gerner, A. E. Gerner, Florence Gerner.
Minnie Hall, Alexander Hall, Pauline Hall, Agnes Herndon, J. H. Herndon, Alice Herndon, William Herndon, Raymond Herndon, Julia A. Hall, W. Herndon, Bess Herndon, Joseph Herndon, Edward Herndon, Grace Herndon, John Herndon, Grace Herndon, Maria W. Herndon, E. M. Herndon.
Ira Jefferys, Mabel Jones, John Jones, Joseph Jones, Verena Jarreau, John E. Jones, Mary Jones, Joseph Jones, Sara Jewett, George Janney, Mary Jones, Herbert Welles, Randall Knowles, Thomas W. Knowles, Edith Knowles, Anna Kiddle.
Agnes Leonard, Minnie Lee, Blanche Lobbach, Nellie Leonard, Minnie Leonard, Henry Lee, Ashina Leonard, Dora Leigh, John Leary, Joseph Lee, Eugene Leonard, Mrs. Leary, G. H. Leonard, Madeline Lacette, Frederick Leary, Kate Leary, Louise Leary, Amy Leonard, James Lewis, Lucette Leary, Lillian Leary, Harry Miner, Frank Miner, Minnie Miner, John Miner, Paula Miner, Ella Miner, Lillian Miner, John A. McCall, Merga Miner, Mattie Miner, Edith Florence, Emma Miner, J. E. Miner, J. E. Miner, Minnie Miner, Minnie Miner, Margaret Miner, Frank Miner, Minnie Miner, Minnie Miner, Louise Miner, Minnie Miner.

Mitchell, Mrs. Charles Manbury, McKee, Rankin, Ben Jamin, Magnus, R. H. Smith, M. H. Madison, Richard Mander, Julia Marlowe, F. F. McKay, Milton Nobles, Marion Norwood, Alice Oates, James O'Neill, Rose Osborne, Walter Owen, Lillian O'Connell, Anne O'Neill, Tony Pastor, Marie Prescott, Annie Pledge, Frederick Paulding, Iva Perle, Lizzie A. Priest, Lily Post, Sigor Peraziti, Louise Paulin, Mrs. James Brown, Adeline Patti, Alfred S. Phillips, A. M. Williams, Rose Rand, Marie Ravel, Marie Rose, Mlle. Rhea, Ernesto Rossi, Katherine R. Ross, Louise Raymond, Victor A. Reynolds, Percy Rede, Blanche Revere, Roland Reed, Ada Rahas, Annie Russell, Annie Robt, Lillian Russell, John T. Raymond, Mlle. Reichenberg, R. A. Roberts, Louise Rial, Bertha Ricca, John P. Smith, John A. Stevens, Carrie Swale, Lillie Shandley, Alice Sherwood, W. G. Sheridan, William Stafford, Alma Stuart Stanley, W. J. Scullian, Dan Sullivan, John H. Stoddard, Victoria Schilling, Harry S. Sanderson, Alexander Salvini, John B. Schoffel, Mounet-Sully, Kiffe Shannon, Emma R. Steiner, Emma V. Sheridan, E. H. Sothers, Lisa Tattenboro, Fay Templeton, The Throppe (Charles, Clara, Frank, Mrs. Lou Throppe, Miss Throppe), Ellen Terry, Louise Thordyke, Carrie Turner, Odette Tyler, Isabella Ughart, Achland Von Boyle, Tony Venn, Sara Von Leer, The Villars (Lucie, Agnes, Sam), Zelma Valdemir, E. H. Vanderfelt, E. H. Van Veghten, Lilla Vane, Kostas Vokos, Lester Wallace, N. S. Wood, Lisa Weber, Annie Wakeman, Bertha Welby, J. F. Wyckoff, S. T. Webster, Gus Williams, Harrison Webb, Frank M. Williams, Mrs. Harry Wainwright, Joseph Wheelock, W. A. White, Marie Wainwright, L. C. Wegeforth, May Waldron, Marshall P. Wilder, Jeanie Yeaman, Carolina Zeiss.

THE PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS.

It will not require more than brief reference to the various departments, with the characteristic features of which the readers of THE MIRROR are undoubtedly familiar.

"Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton" was instituted with the issue of Aug. 28, 1886. The writer of these brilliant articles is, of course, none other than Andrew C. Wheeler, the famous dramatic critic.

The principal current criticisms of first performances that appear under the heading "At the Theatre" are contributed by the editor. Among those who assist him when necessary in covering local amusements are Charles Carroll, Albert Ellery Berg, Sidney Chidley, Francis Clark, W. C. Potter, Samuel Stockvis, Lester Gurney and others.

"The Musical Mirror" was first conducted by Julian Magnus, and subsequently by John Collier and Fred Lyster. Prof. Charles Carroll is the present musical critic of the paper.

"The Giddy Gusher" and "The Usher" have been referred to heretofore. "Howard's Talk" is a recent feature, and is rattled off weekly by Joseph Howard, Jr., the noted journalist. Cornelius Mathews writes special articles.

The legal news under the heading "In the Courts" is prepared by C. H. Redfern. His predecessor was C. E. Lord.

"The Actress's Corner" has contained the confessions of various ladies. At present "Polly" is the *nom de plume* that hides the identity of Emma V. Sheridan.

Among those who have been *ex-officio* correspondents are Howard Hall, Charles Millward, Hon. A. Casey Hall, Annie Wakeman, George W. Plant and Fannie Aymar Mathews. "Gawain," signed to the present letters from London, is H. Chance Newton, of the London *Referee*. "Strapontin," the Paris correspondent, is Clarence Wason.

Alfred Ayres looks after faulty pronunciation of actors and actresses and calls his department "Orthoepy." Miss Baxter writes about stage fashions, stage gowns, etc. Among those who have acted as correspondence editors are Howard P. Taylor, Benjamin F. Jenkins, W. F. G. Shanks, Albert E. Berg, J. C. R. Pooler and others. The present incumbent of that desk is Francis Clark, assisted by B. Stockvis as proof-reader and Dates Ahead compiler.

Valentine G. Hall contributes amateur notes. Dr. Fuller-Walker formerly furnished society news. Sara Van Heuck conducted an art department for some time, and afterward wrote letters from London and Paris. John B. Renaud formerly wrote criticisms of performances at the Brooklyn theatres.

REPORTERIAL WORKERS.

Among those who have done reporterial work on THE MIRROR are Joseph B. Dillon, J. Frank Farrell, C. B. Cline, Clifford Arthur, William F. Gilchrist, Edgar T. Wilson, James B. Hopkins, L. C. Higgins, George T. Janvin, E. C. Staley and Frank A. Small. Samuel Stockvis is at present the principal gatherer of local news matters in New York City. The staff of MIRROR correspondents who contribute the weekly budget under the head of "Provincial" are treated elsewhere.

SPECIAL WRITERS.

Among those who have been writers of special articles are Agnes R. Boucicault, H. C. Bunker, Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jeanie June), Felix G. De Fontaine, Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, Solina Delore, J. L. Ford, W. F. Fuller, Helen Foster, Stephen Fiske, Olive Harper, Geoffrey Hawley, H. S. Keller, Joaquin Miller, Maurice Minton, George Edgar Montgomery, Gerald M. Maxwell (son of Miss Braddon, the novelist), Florence Marryat, George Mason, E. M. Neville, D. Ottolengui, Townsend Percy, Florence R. Pender, Louise Pomeroy, Ian Robertson, Sydney Rosenfeld, James Schauberg, Harry St. Maur, G. O. Selheimer, Fannie Edgar Thomas, Charles T. Trousdale, C. T. Vincent and William Winter.

VARIOUS SERIAL FEATURES.

Charles Kent was the author of the "Actors' Dens" articles. Frederic Ramsden ("Kalulu") drew the pictures for the "Pen and Pencil" series, the literary matter being furnished by Harrison Grey Fiske. Cornelius Mathews contributed the articles entitled "Half a Century." Fred Lyster was responsible for "Lumpaci Vagabondus" and "Stage Types." Lucy H. Hooper wrote a series called "Glimpses of Street Actors." "The Confessions of a Stage Manager" was the work of T. W. Robertson. The elaborate series of stage stories that ran

through several volumes of THE MIRROR were from the pens of A. H. Canby, Marc Klaw, Madeline Lucette and many other professional people. Milton Nobles recently furnished a sprightly set of articles called "The Palmy Day Tragedy." Oofy Gooft (Gus Phillips) wrote a long series of dialect articles under the caption "Der Dramp."

OTHER CONTRIBUTORS.

The following alphabetical list* includes the names of actors, actresses, journalists, dramatists, litterateurs, and friends of THE MIRROR in general whose names have appeared as the authors of miscellaneous articles or poems during the ten years of the paper's existence: Irene Ackerman, Louis Aldrich, Sydney Armstrong, Ullie Akerstrom, Rudolph Aronson, Viola Allen, Hattie Anderson.

C. C. Buel, Charles Barnard, Carl Brent, Marion Booth, Elliott Barnes, Omar H. Bartlette, Lloyd Breze, David Belasco, Sadie Bl elow, Beattie Bernard, Marie Burroughs, J. H. Barnes, Agnes Robertson Boucicault, Callie L. Bonney, Dion Boucicault, "Bab," Rowland Buckstone.

C. T. Corydon, Theresa Corlett, Sydney Cowell, Kit Clarke, Sheridan Corbyn, Bartley Campbell, Edward Coleman, A. R. Casarun, Edward Coleman, Richard P. Crollus, Redfield Clarke, C. Coquelin, Kate Claxton, Estelle Clayton.

Fanny Davenport, Laura Don, A. J. Dittenhoefer, Lew Dockstader, Graham Durfee, Frederic de Belleville, Minnie Dupree, Henry C. De Mille, Frank Daniels, Sydney Drew, Frank Dupree.

H. W. Ellis, Gerald Eyre, Harry Edwards, Lizzie Evans, Max Elliot.

W. J. Florence, John F. Flanagan, Richard Foote, Paul Forrester, F. Federici, Frances Field, May Fortescue, Chandon Fulton, Lois Fuller.

E. M. Gotthold, Willis Granger, Charles R. Gardiner, Frank L. Gardner, Leonard Grover, A. C. Gunter, Marvin Griffith, Katherine Gray, Nat C. Goodwin, Clay M. Greene, Melbourne Greene, William Gillette, Etile Henderson, J. H. Haverly, Barton Hill, John Howson, B. F. Horning, Edward Harrigan, Charles H. Hoyt, Frank C. Higgins, George W. Hows, John T. Hustley, Joseph Haworth, Nicholas Hilmer, Robert Hilliard, Frances Haswin, Henry Holland, Herrmann.

Sara Jewett, Martha Ladite Johnson George C. Jenks, Henry Arthur Jones, Robert G. Jagersoll, Henry Irving, George H. Jesop, Oliver Jurgensen.

Randall Knowles, Dr. Kane, Hon. A. M. Kelley, Edward E. Kidder.

Emelle Leicester, Frederic Leslie, Henry Lee, Lotta, Fred. Lennox, Elsie Leslie.

Earl Marble, H. W. Montgomery, Stephen Mawett, Steele Mackaye, Frank Mayo, John McCullough, Kate Marston, Thomas McWaters, Fred Marston, R. G. Moore, Helena Modjeska, Alice Mansfield, Reginald G. Martin, Earl Marble, Benjamin Magistley, Adelaide Moore, Richard Mansfield, C. Maynard, Minnie Maddern, John Ernest McCann, Eleanor Merzon.

Roberta Morwood.

Leonard S. Outram, Branch O'Brien.

A. M. Palmer, Frederick Paulding, Charles H. Potter, Harry M. Pitt, Walter Polham, Louise E. Paulin, Helen Cooper Carr, Marie Petrusky, Harry Paulson, Tony Pastor.

Augusta Roche, Lillian Russell, Percy Rede, Donald Robertson, James Holmeyer-Rosenfeld, Walter Reynolds, Augusta Raymond, Dr. T. S. Robertson, Roland Reed, Jennie Lee Randolph, T. W. Robertson.

Will Smart, John P. Smith, W. E. Sheridan, J. M. Scanlon, Walter Standish, Elsie Savore, Lillian Spencer, Collins Standevant, E. H. Sothers, Fred Solomon.

Edwin F. Thorne, Clifton W. Taylor, John Templeton, Horace Townsend, Fannie Edgar Thomas, Osmund Tovar, Odette Tyler, George Vandenhoff.

Richard Grant White, Lillian Whiting, Rev. Wilbur F. Watkins, D. D.; E. T. Webster, H. A. Warner, Lillie West, Francis Wilson, Charles Wyndham, Will Wall, J. J. Wallace, Genevieve Ward, Frederick Woods, Nelson Wheatcroft, Mitsona Willett, Marie Wainwright, G. Wetherupson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charles Warren.

Alfred Young.

THE MIRROR'S OFFICE.

The counting-room and editorial offices are probably the most commodious of those belonging to any New York weekly journal. The editor's sanctum adjoins the counting-room. The public entrance is from Fifth Avenue, but there is also a private doorway on Twenty-first Street. The entire fourth floor of the spacious iron building is used as writers' offices and composing-rooms.

The location is central and conspicuous. Number 145 Fifth Avenue being one of the corner edifices at the intersection of Twenty-first and the Avenue. On the other corners are situated the Union Club, the Lotus Club and the South Reformed Church. THE MIRROR office is accessible from all parts of the city. The Broadway cars is but a short block distant, and the Fifth Avenue omnibuses pass the door.

There are many other interesting features that might be dwelt upon, but this review has already exceeded the space it was intended to occupy. One thing is plainly evident from this retrospective glance—THE MIRROR has good cause to feel proud of its ten years' record.

*This list does not include the special writers or members of the staff who have had their names upon the masthead from time to time, as they have already been mentioned in this article.

THE STAFF.

HARRISON GREY FISKE.

The editor and proprietor of THE MIRROR was born in Harrison, Westchester County, this State, on July 30, 1861. He attended private schools in New York, studied music and the languages for several years, acquired a knowledge of elocution and rhetoric from the late George Vandenhuff, went abroad, was prepared for college by a tutor and finally entered the New York University.

His tastes were essentially literary and artistic and during his stay at college he wrote many sketches and short stories for the newspapers, and sent New York letters regularly to several Southern and Western dailies. He



MARY H. FISKE.

held his first staff position on the Jersey City *Argus*, writing editorials and dramatic criticisms.

In July, 1879, he became attached to THE MIRROR as a special contributor, and in the Fall of the same year bought an interest in the stock company that then owned it. The following Winter Mr. Fiske was selected by the company to take editorial charge. He was eighteen years of age at the time—the youngest editor in the country. In spite of his youth he conceived and adopted a sagacious, independent and vigorous policy which speedily put THE MIRROR in the van of stage journals, bringing it influence, prosperity and the largest circulation ever achieved by any dramatic paper in the world.

Even at that very early period in his career he developed a combination of firmness and tact which made him the watch of all with whom he came in contact, and an undoubted strength of character and purpose that allowed no vacillation or hesitation in THE MIRROR's straightforward editorial course.

Five years ago Mr. Fiske obtained a controlling interest in THE MIRROR, but from the day he took charge of its destinies he had enjoyed sole power, acting upon such advice as commended itself to his judgment, but brooking no interference from stockholders or others in respect to the lines of his own journalistic policy. Last May he purchased the outstanding shares of stock and became the sole and responsible proprietor.

Mr. Fiske did not attempt to coerce the profession into supporting THE MIRROR. He proceeded to win their respect, confidence and regard by instituting needed reforms, proving his good faith and taking the lead in all matters concerning the welfare and best interests of actors and managers.

He has made THE MIRROR a fearless, honest, enterprising, substantial and wholesome theatrical organ from the beginning. He has introduced into its pages a variety of interesting and useful features; he has, without exception, excluded from them the discussion of private matters and public scandals. His idea is that a dramatic paper should be published in the interests of the stage and its people—if it is not, it has no excuse whatever for existing at all.

Mr. Fiske does a vast amount of work and yet is accessible to a large number of visitors. He writes the editorials, the principal dramatic criticisms, "The Usher," special articles, par-



A. C. WHEELER (NYM CRINKLE.)

agraphs—in fact, his busy pen contributes to almost every department of the paper. On an average he turns out between ten and twelve columns during the working hours of the early days of the week. In addition to this he supervises every portion of the paper and keeps a strict watch on every line that goes into it.

This latter duty is somewhat unusual among editors, but Mr. Fiske realizes its importance and never neglects it. He prefers to share personal knowledge of everything that he publishes with personal responsibility for it. And he likes work.

For the past nine years he has never been

absent from his post but once. On that occasion illness confined him to his home for a week. Even then, however, he had the "revivies" brought to him and with the aid of a blue pencil transformed the sick-chamber into a sanctum.

At different times Mr. Fiske has been the dramatic critic of two New York daily papers and written editorials for another. But he relinquished outside work of every description two years ago in order to devote his whole time and energies to THE MIRROR. He is a member of the New York Press Club, The Fellowship Club, a yachting association, and several other social and literary institutions, but the only organization in which he takes an active personal interest is the Actors' Fund of America, of which he has been the secretary for several years.

MARY H. FISKE.

Nobody who has read "The Giddy Gusher"—and pray who has not?—needs an introduction to the qualities of the brightest female journalist in America, Mary H. Fiske.

Mrs. Fiske, who is a much finer looking woman than the picture accompanying this brief sketch would lead you to suppose, has caused MIRROR readers an uninterrupted succession of weekly tears and smiles and laughter for a number of years. Her gifted pen throws off the cleverest things in an impetuous and inexhaustible stream. It alternates humor and pathos, poetry and epigram, with magical facility.

She is nothing if not original, trenchant and witty, and her big heart and ready sympathies are constantly bubbling over in her work. There is no newspaper writer within our knowledge who is able to put so much of his or her own personality into an article as Mrs. Fiske does constantly in every line that she writes. This happy faculty has brought her thousands of warm and steadfast friends among people that know her solely through her productions. She is constantly appealed to by strangers for advice and encouragement, and her responsive nature is equal to all the demands that are made upon it for sympathy.

Mrs. Fiske has written stories, sketches, fashion articles and other matter for these pages during the past eight years, but it is as "The Gusher" that she is best known and held in most affectionate regard.



EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Fiske was born in Hartford, Conn. At the age of sixteen she began writing for the stage and dozens of her dramas were presented at the Bowery Theatre, under Charles Fox's management. Her first journalistic work was done on the St. Louis *Republican*, which she served as New York correspondent for five or six years. Her letters were quoted far and wide, and her signature "M. H. F." became popular and celebrated.

She was afterward a contributor to the *Post* and *Herald* of Washington, and the *Tribune*, *Herald* and *News* of Chicago. She has, besides, written a great many successful serials and sporting stories over men's names. One of the former, to which Augustin Daly's name was attached as author, went through a popular story paper. In other cases large sums have frequently been paid by other ambitious or commercially inclined public persons for the use of her clever brains in conjunction with their names.

Mrs. Fiske's appearance as the author of Philip Herne is sufficiently recent to obviate the necessity of pointing out the prominent features of that play. She is at present writing another drama, in which Joseph Wheelock will play the leading part, while a third has been blocked out for use in another direction.

Sympathetic, positive, fearless, the champion of the weak and the special friend of the women of the stage, Mrs. Fiske is a potent factor in contemporaneous professional life.

A. C. WHEELER (NYM CRINKLE.)

The *nom de plume* of the writer, whose brilliant Feuilleton has continuously occupied the first page of this journal since Aug. 28, 1886, is known to old and young newspaper readers all over the country. But wishing to obtain for this anniversary number a few accurate biographical memoranda that might be of interest to the readers of THE MIRROR, one of our representatives was sent to headquarters for that purpose.

At Mr. Wheeler's charming home in Twenty-eighth Street the reporter met the journalist's daughter, Miss Minnie Wheeler. She was seated in the library, wrapped about in a Surah tea-gown, reading Howells' last book.

When appealed to for information she said that it was a rule of the family never to give each other away, and she didn't think her pa had any biography.

However, under the beguilement of the irresistible MIRROR representative the young lady was finally induced to furnish the following interesting information.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA OF NYM CRINKLE.

AGE: Contemporaneous.
SEX: Compulsive.
PROFESSION: Missionary.
BIRTHPLACE: America.
SCHOOL: Life.
OCCUPATION: Tell.
RECORD: Unfinished.
INCOME: Unassessed.
CHARACTER: Variable and somewhat governed by its meals.
TENDENCY: Union Square Hotel.
AMBITION: Rest.
APPEARANCE: God like.
TASTE: Unimpaired after 10 a. m.
FAVORITE AUTHOR: Eli Perkins.
FAVORITE ACTRESS: Bessie Darling.



JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

Miss Wheeler utterly refused to go any further into this family affair and said that she was afraid she had already said so much that she would not get her Mary Anderson tickets.

As THE MIRROR representative was about to leave he asked the young lady if Howells was her favorite author.

"Yes," she replied, "but pa's opinion of him is written on this cover," and she turned over the book, upon which was written with a pencil the following:

There was a great writ r named Howells
Whose work was deficient in howels,
When he took up his pen
And wrote at it again
Life was turned into commas and vowels.

To these facts, gleaned in the famous critic's home, it may be added that he has read everything worth reading; that he talks brilliantly on a great variety of topics; that his depth of knowledge and clearness of mental vision are extraordinary; that his style is original, peculiar, and unapproachable in range, vigor and grace of expression; that he has many weak imitators, and that he is the cleverest all-round journalist in America.

Personally Mr. Wheeler is noticed for alertness of visage, and a pair of steel-blue eyes that seem to see clear through every person and thing on which they rest. He knows a good many people, but his intimates are few. He does not make friends quickly but when he does admit one to his heart he is generously and loyally itself. Mr. Wheeler is argumentative. He is noted for his ability to take even the weak side of a question and then with the weapons of wit and logic vanquish his most formidable opponents.

JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

"Howard's Talks" form a comparatively new feature in THE MIRROR, but they are eagerly looked for, hungrily devoured and quoted far and wide. The articles are aptly characterized by their caption. They are talks, and nothing else—breezy, bright, sensible talks to actors, managers and theatre-goers, possessing the charm of an easy colloquialism that suggests an after-dinner chat with an alert, quick-witted, experienced and entertaining observer of theatrical life. It is not as a critic or essayist that Mr. Howard appears in these pages; he is here to talk about current facts and topics, to divert the reader with his alternate humor and sagacity, and, with no suspicion of formal manner, to preach sermons from contemporaneous texts furnished by the-



CHARLES CARROLL.

atrical people and events, that will help along actors and pretty nearly everybody else.

Mr. Howard and his journalistic career are so well known that a description of the one and an epitome of the other would be ridiculously superfluous. He probably has a larger circle of acquaintance than any new paper writer in this country and he has contributed to a greater number of journals than any other. Whether it is at a big political convention, a theatrical first-night, a "hanging-match," an important social event, or a banquet, Mr. Howard is a conspicuous figure. His observations are keen, his conversation is marked by dry humor and aggressiveness and his reputation as a

post-prandial speaker is noted. His heart is big and his hand generous. In fact kindly feeling—the "comradic spirit," as he would call it—sometimes obscures the accuracy of his judgment, particularly when friends are concerned. But this is a fault that the Recording Angel will probably not take into account.

Mr. Howard lives with his family on Irving Place in a spacious old mansion. Here he does most of his work. A couple of weeks ago a newspaper man published the following account of a visit to his library, or "letter-factory":

Here are shelves rich with ready and serviceable references, many of them with the autographs of their authors, the friends of their present owner. There is the young sapling, the centre of a group of elderly companions, whose popping eyes identify him as the Prince of Wales in spite of his beardless face and spare figure. Howard traveled for sixteen weeks in the Prince's party, when the royal youngster was sightseeing in this country twenty-eight years ago. Here is a handsome



JOSHUA HENRY.

environment of the thanks of the Press Club of New York for \$5,000 contributed by Howard toward ornamenting the newspaper lot in Greenwood cemetery, which also expresses the club's pride in having a member whose popularity and attractiveness could raise that large sum by a single lecture.

It is in this room that Howard assembles daily his countless friends, and through a stereographic medium in pretty yellow hair—he never writes a line with his own hand—talks with them in their own plain way about the things and thoughts that their own every-day life presents and suggests to their eyes and minds.

"I don't see the girl," said Howard, "and never think of her except as a useful mechanism while I am at work. I look right over her level little head, and get at the facts at their firesides. With me it is just the same as talking to an audience face to face—the dictating a newspaper letter, and the stenographer's notebook is my footlight. Oh, how often I sit down here with her and know what under heaven to talk about. I sit down and then I get up, and then I walk around trying to pick some suggestion out of the mass of observations and experiences of a week, a year or a life in this great city."

"But it doesn't take long to hit upon something or other. For instance, I jump up and look out of that window. In a minute along comes a little white hearse, with a rough-coated driver on top laughing, with a boy by his side and a little plain coffin under the glass. Behind is a rattling, cheap old hack. The driver has a red nose, and his passengers, decked out in poor, faded weeds, have red eyes."

"That's all."

"Now there is a letter for me. Again another vehicle rolls along. It is strongly built and has no windows. Up at the top is an air-hole with bars across it. The thing is painted white, and therefore it is called the black maria. Inside are tramps and thieves, gentlemen and drunkards, all in heap. Among them is a woman, without any cheer in her home and too much of it in a bottle. A little baby is fumbling around her bosom. Now climb into that woman's head and see what is going on there."

"That's easy enough."

"In the next row is a cooling little brat in fifteen yards of Valenciennes lace, who is bathed in butter every morning of its life by two aunts and its mother and grandmother and seven little aunts. Up in the sky sits the God of the average Christ as who sees both babies, but never sees that one was born in nothing but temptation, while the other would have to knock over half-a-dozen guards, run down stairs, unchain the front door and go two or three squares away to find one tiny little trial or temptation."

"Isn't that a lot of it?"

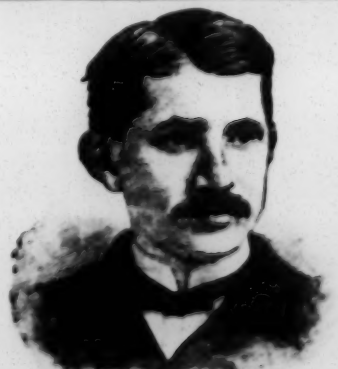
"Well, I guess!"

"Method, method is the thing for newspaper work. Without method we had as well be without brains. There is a timetable on everything that I do, and I run on a schedule just as much as the Chicago limited express, with no stops between the big stations and no slacking up for water."

CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

The senior-in-age of the staff is Mr. Cornelius Mathews, one of its most respected and distinguished members. He has had a long and remarkable literary and journalistic career, during which he mingled as intellectual associate and companion with Irving, Poe, Willis, Bryant, and all the leading lights in the most brilliant era of American literature. Mr. Mathews has been lawyer, poet, novelist, reformer, playwright, essayist, historian, editor and critic.

Mr. Mathews was born at Portchester, in Westchester County, New York. He was graduated from the first class in the New York University, and was the first president of its Alumni Association. Fifty years ago he began writing plays. His first work was *The*



ALBERT S. BERG.

Politicians, a satirical comedy. Other pieces of his were frequently performed with success at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre and other houses.

Mr. Mathews' greatest play, *Witchcraft*, was brought out in 1848 at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. The principal roles were acted by James E. Murdoch and Charlotte Crampton. It was presented in Cincinnati and other cities, receiving the heartiest encomiums of the press. *The New York Tribune* devoted an entire page to a review. One famous critic of the time said that *Witchcraft* was worthy to form the cornerstone of a new national drama. The full text of the

tragedy was translated into French by Philarette Chasles, of the Imperial University of France, and published complete in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. Richard Grant White not many years ago made it the subject of a careful analysis, while Margaret Fuller devoted a chapter to its author in her book of literary essays.

Mr. Mathews' books are too numerous to mention. He has written three operatic librettos, for two of which music has been written by gifted American composers. Neither has been produced, although Mrs. Tharber contemplated bringing out one before her native opera scheme came to grief.

Mr. Mathews has written copiously for the leading magazines and newspapers for half a century. He edited a prosperous weekly journal for many years, and at one time simultaneously edited and published four large illustrated periodicals. Mr. Mathews' only journalistic connection at present is with *THE MIRROR*, to which he has regularly contributed for several years. His articles are sagacious, and they fill a broad horizon. His style is pithy, and he hits out from the shoulder.

This is but a brief and inadequate summary of a career that has been exceedingly useful and honorable, and of a man whose character is conspicuous for its strong traits and irreproachable integrity.

CHARLES CARROLL.

The brilliant musical critic of *THE MIRROR*, Mr. Charles Carroll, was born in Baltimore in 1832 of good old New England stock. After getting the usual private school education of the place and period he had begun a course of commercial training in his father's office when the removal of the family to Cambridge, Mass., caused him to enter Harvard College in 1849. Graduating with good credit in '53 he passed a year in private instruction and afterward spent two years in study at the German universities and in continental travel.

In 1856 Mr. Carroll began a course of journalism and law study in New York, but left this city in '58 and took up his work as a teacher in the Boston public schools in '59, in which year he married.

In 1866, in consequence of failing health, he went to Europe and passed four years in travel, study and private instruction, returning to



CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

New York in 1870 and again setting about his old profession of journalism. In 1871 he took the chair of modern languages in the University of the City of New York, which he has since occupied, while journalism and magazine writing have continued to be a collateral avocation which he has never been willing entirely to abandon.

Mr. Carroll has written frequently for the best magazines and weekly and daily journals, sometimes on the staff and sometimes as a contributor. His stories, verses and essays and criticisms have appeared in *Harpers's*, *the Century*, *Scribner's*, *the Galaxy*, and *the Post*, *Times* and *Sun*.

For the past three years Mr. Carroll has conducted *THE MIRROR*'s musical column, besides contributing frequently to other departments. He is an inveterate and accomplished punster, and naturally the practice which Dr. Johnson abhorred finds in him a stalwart defender. The verbal convulsions attributed to "The Sage" that are occasionally quoted in *THE MIRROR* originate with Mr. Carroll.

EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

"The Actresses' Corner" is a feature that has come to be very popular with *MIRROR* readers and particularly with the professionals of the sex to which it titulary addresses itself. Miss Emma V. Sheridan is the sprightly and gifted author of these papers.

When it was desired to establish a department in this journal which should especially appeal to the interests of the women of the stage Miss Sheridan was chosen to conduct it, her keenness of observation, freshness and originality of style and intimate knowledge of all the interesting phases of an actress' life forming qualifications which were not to be overlooked. That she has made her "Corner" a bright and attractive spot for all eyes to linger, and that it has proved beneficial as well as entertaining to hundreds of young people on the boards, numberless letters from readers and endorsements from the press have testified. Miss Sheridan's verses under the signature "E. V. S." have given her prominence as a poet of rare feeling and graceful expression.

Miss Sheridan is young and endowed with beauty. Her face denotes intellect and uncommon strength of purpose. She is the daughter of General George Sheridan, the celebrated soldier and orator. A few years ago

Miss Sheridan determined to devote her versatile talents to the stage and literature. She entered the Lyceum School of Acting when that institution was first established, and speedily distinguished herself among the other pupils by her marked talent and rapid artistic development. Her professional debut was made in Mackaye's *Dakolar* at the Lyceum Theatre, when in a comparatively minor character she scored a pronounced hit.

Miss Sheridan afterward became a member of Richard Mansfield's company, and was rapidly promoted to leading parts. Owing to illness her appearances during the metropolitan engagements of this star were intermittent, until during the run of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at the Madison Square Theatre she appeared in a strong character part with success.



SAMUEL STOCKVIS.

In the Parisian Romance she augmented the distinctly favorable impression she had already made on our playgoing public.

Miss Sheridan accompanied Mr. Mansfield to England. Her work in *Jekyll and Hyde*, *A Parisian Romance* and *Prince Karl* was singled out by the principal London critics for the heartiest commendation. In point of fact, her achievements were rated beside those of the head of the organization. Miss Sheridan left London a few weeks ago and was immediately engaged on her arrival here to play leading roles in support of T. W. Keene during his present tour.

SAMUEL STOCKVIS.

Perhaps Mr. Samuel Stockvis has a wider circle of theatrical acquaintances than any other member of *THE MIRROR* staff, as his duties bring him constantly in contact with hundreds of managers and actors.

Mr. Stockvis is a New Yorker and is twenty-six years old. At twenty he entered upon journalistic work as a reporter for the penny paper, *Truth*, then in existence. From that paper he went to the *Star*, where he remained for a short time before connecting himself with the *World*. He left that journal in 1885 to take his present position on *THE MIRROR*.

Mr. Stockvis' chief occupation is interviewing and item gathering. Every week he scours the city, visiting every theatre, manager's office and dramatic exchange, and sending a steady stream of interesting gossip and information into the columns of this paper.

Mr. Stockvis has the proverbial "scent for news." The happening must be obscure indeed that escapes transcription to his notebook. Following his standing instructions and the inviolable rule of the office, he concerns himself solely with those topics which properly come within the province of a respectable newspaper's local columns. His industry is tireless, and his assistance in several of *THE MIRROR*'s reform movements has been distinctly valuable.

Mr. Stockvis is also New York correspondent for a number of out-of-town and foreign journals.

ALBERT ELLERY BERG.

Mr. Berg is a native of this city and is about thirty years of age. His father is Albert W. Berg, the well known musical critic, who from 1869 until 1883 was the organist of "The Little Church Around the Corner." Mr. Berg



ALFRED AYRES.

was educated in New York and went abroad for a supplementary course of study in Germany and France.

He began his journalistic career as exchange reader for the *Harpers*, remaining in their editorial rooms five years. Subsequently he was employed as a writer on several daily papers. A few years ago he compiled a popular subscription book entitled "The Universal Self Instructor" which had a sale of more than 90,000 copies. He wrote numerous articles for the American edition of "Chambers' Encyclopedia."

Mr. Berg's career as far as it concerns the drama possesses a good deal of interest. During his eight years in Europe he saw all the famous plays then current on the French, German and English stage, and on his return to this country he became a chronic theatre-goer and collector of theatrical "scraps." He has gathered a valuable library of dramatic reference books.

In 1884 Mr. Berg issued "The Drama, Painting, Poetry and Song," a voluminous work which is the only universal history of the stage in the English language. From 1884 until 1886 he acted as managing editor and dramatic critic of *The Kynos*. In 1886 he joined the staff of *THE MIRROR*.

During his connection with this journal Mr. Berg compiled a complete chronological dramatic record for *The Mirror Annual*. He has also contributed general work of a useful and important description. Mr. Berg was the Recording Secretary of the New York Press Club from 1882 to 1884, and its Corresponding Secretary from 1884 until 1888.

ALFRED AYRES.

Mr. Alfred Ayres, the celebrated orthoepist and elocutionary authority, was born in Ohio—as he naively puts it—in "the first half of the second quarter of this century." The editor of "Appleton's Encyclopedia," in the wish to be literally exact, set down the year of Mr. Ayres' terrestrial debut as 1826—but it is only necessary to see his stalwart, virile figure to brand this statement as undoubtedly libelous.

Mr. Ayres was educated at Oberlin College and in Germany and France, spending six years in Europe.

He has devoted himself for years to the subjects of orthoepy and the art of elocution. By criticising the mispronunciations of actors in *THE MIRROR* he has induced the profession to observe a severer standard of orthoepy. So marked, indeed, has been the general improvement in this respect that he now finds it exceedingly difficult to collect material for current examples of erroneous pronunciation on the New York stage.

Mr. Ayres has written copiously in condemnation of artificial methods in elocution. His books have become standards for study and reference in many schools and libraries. They comprise "The Orthoepist" (1880); "The Verbalist" (1881); "The Mentor," a manual



SIDNEY CHIDLEY.

of social usages (1884), and "The Essentials of Elocution" (1886).

CALEB H. REDFERN.

One of the many original ideas originated by *THE MIRROR* was the careful reporting of the theatrical litigation that occupies a good deal of time and attention in the courts of this city. Not a week passes that several new cases, in which professionals are the interested or contending parties, fails to come under notice.

By means of the department "In the Courts," zealously and correctly conducted by Mr. Caleb H. Redfern, our readers are given an epitome of all the legal news in which they are especially interested, such as is published by no other newspaper; and that keeps them fully posted on matters which it is desirable, if not necessary, that they should know all about. Mr. Redfern has peculiar facilities for securing judicial intelligence at the earliest moment. In many notable instances he has "scooped" important decisions and developments, which appeared in *THE MIRROR* before they were reported by any of the daily papers.

Mr. Redfern was born in this city on April 11, 1861. He received his education in the public schools. For eight years past he has been the law reporter for the Associated Press. Three years ago he was appointed stenographer of the Fourth District Court by Judge Alfred Steckler, but he still retains his connection with the Associated Press.

Mr. Redfern has been the law reporter of *THE MIRROR* for two years, with the exception of a few months, when his duties were performed by Mr. C. E. Lord, of the *Times*.

SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

Mr. Sydney Chidley has been connected with *THE MIRROR* staff, at times regularly and sometimes occasionally, for several years past. Mr. Chidley was born in London, England, on July 31, 1838. He received a liberal education at the City of London school and studied for the legal profession, to which he was admitted in 1859. He was married in 1871 to the daughter of an able English litterateur, the Rev. Dr. Twycross.

Mr. Chidley came to this country a number of years ago and became a citizen of the United States. His tastes and talents led him into journalistic and artistic pursuits. He wrote a valuable treatise on scene-painting and contributed many articles on that and kindred

topics to *THE MIRROR*. For a year he was its exchange reader.

Being a pupil and friend of the distinguished scenic artist, Mr. Richard Marston—whose principal assistant he now is at the Madison Square Theatre—Mr. Chidley is beginning to build up a reputation in that line. He continues, however, to serve *THE MIRROR*.

FRANCIS CLARK.

When Mr. Howard P. Taylor resigned the position of Correspondence Editor to devote himself entirely to play writing, he was succeeded by Mr. Francis Clark, who had been connected with *THE MIRROR* in another capacity for several years.

Mr. Clark is a practical newspaper man, although originally intended for the church. Among compositors he was renowned for his



CALEB H. REDFERN.

ability to decipher illegible manuscripts. From the "case" he fancied hunting the elusive, fugitive item. He was connected for several years with out-of-town papers as a reporter, dramatic critic and special writer.

Mr. Clark is a pithy writer, and he plumes himself on his ability as a "condenser." He uses no superfluous verbiage in his own work and removes it from the work of others whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Mr. Clark has a positive genius for wielding the blue-pencil. Hundreds of letters from *THE MIRROR*'s out-of-town reporters reach his desk in all the proud and ample proportions so pleasing to the writers; when they leave it nothing but the "meat" remains. This process is not always agreeable to the senders, but it is necessary in order to present the actual news from every part of the country in a concise and serviceable style.

The duties of Mr. Clark's position are manifold and onerous. They require a cool, methodical, widely-informed man, whose perceptions are keen and whose judgment is accurate. Just such a man the Editor has found in Mr. Clark, who has exhibited real and discretion in the conduct of the important department entrusted to his charge.

BARNEY STOCKVIS.

Barney Stockvis was born in New York thirty-two years ago. He has held various positions in Frank Leslie's, the Metropolitan Job Printing Office and other large printing houses.

Mr. Stockvis compiles one of the most important and useful features in *THE MIRROR*—the Dates Ahead of traveling companies. The utmost care and deliberation are required to insure the accuracy and completeness of this list, which is prepared every week from a mass of memoranda furnished by managers and correspondents.

These Dates form a changeable directory to the whereabouts of actors and managers, and they are relied upon by thousands of people as the only reliable means whereby communication can be effected with professionals. This department has reached an unprecedented amplitude and it is admittedly the only list published whose accuracy can be depended upon.

Mr. Stockvis is also our proof-reader. It is a tribute to his skill and conscientiousness in this work that fewer typographical errors have slipped into *THE MIRROR*'s pages during his incumbency than ever before.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

Our London correspondent, Mr. H. Chance Newton ("Gawain"), is one of the best known men in the journalistic and theatrical circles of the British metropolis. His bright letters to this journal began on May 1, 1886. They are written in a light, gossip style which has a charm of its own. Indeed, there is a great compliment to Mr. Newton in the indisputable fact that his correspondence is read more generally than that of any other writer who reports theatrical events in his city for American papers.

Mr. Newton is about thirty-four years of age. He writes the spicy dramatic and musical notes for the London *Referee* in collaboration with Richard Butler, under the familiar signature of "Carados." Mr. Newton also writes clever topical verses for this widely circulated journal. He is a contributor to several other weekly papers.

Mr. Newton and Mr. Butler have combined their Christian names and their talents, and tacked the former to several successful burlesques concocted by the latter. "Richard Henry" is—or are—the author—or authors—of Monte Cristo, Jr., now being given at the Standard by the Gaiety company. He—or they—has—or have—moreover written Frankenstein and other quite recent London burlesques.

VALENTINE G. HALL.

Mr. Valentine G. Hall, who writes the

Amateur department, has had considerable experience as a journalist in one way and another. Mr. Hall has been connected with the amateur stage since boyhood, and his work as actor and stage manager has been successful. He is a lawyer by profession.

During the present season Mr. Hall will continue to report and criticize all amateur performances in New York and Brooklyn, and when space permits sketches of prominent members of the clubs in both cities will be published.

Mr. Hall also writes for the *Herald*, *Outing*, *Harper's Young People* and *St. Nicholas*. Several of his plays have been acted by amateur societies. He is the author of two books, "A Brief Outline of English History" and "Lawn Tennis in America and England."

The Counting-Room.

JOSHUA HENRY.

The widely-known business manager of THE MIRROR, Mr. Joshua Henry, was born in this city about forty-two years ago. He belongs to a family that has been prominent in New York mercantile circles for more than a century. He was educated at private schools.

In 1862 he entered the firm of Bunker Brothers and Company, at that time one of the largest and foremost houses engaged in the petroleum trade. For seven years Mr. Henry had charge of the branch house of the concern in Philadelphia, where he was prominent as one of the most successful men on the oil exchange. In 1869 he severed his connection with this firm and formed a partnership with Eugene Pivou—the brother of Manager Augustus Pivou—in the petroleum brokerage business in the Quaker City, which continued for several years. Later Mr. Henry went into the cotton business and also became an importer of foreign merchandise.

His first experience in the newspaper business was acquired with the late Frank Leslie. For some time he was a valuable lieutenant of that successful and enterprising man, rapidly mastering all the details of a mammoth publishing establishment. He then cast his fortunes with one of Frank Leslie's sons, becoming the publisher of the *New York Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* and other periodicals, which so far as his department of work was concerned were uniformly successful.

In 1881 he became connected with THE MIRROR as its business manager, and he has filled that position continuously up to the present time. Mr. Henry has put a prodigious amount of energy, enterprise and skill into the direction of this important department, and to these qualities, together with clear judgment, ripe experience and unsurpassed loyalty is its success largely due.

Mr. Henry, recognizing that a good system is the greatest aid to a good executive man, devised and has sedulously maintained a well-nigh perfect system for the conduct of the advertising department and all appertaining thereto. Everything moves with the regularity of clockwork and advertisers and subscribers as well as THE MIRROR profit thereby.

The editor and proprietor has always found a most valuable and effective confidant in Mr. Henry, who shares his ideas in respect to the strict division of the editorial and business departments of a first-class journal like THE MIRROR, and who has never permitted the one to encroach on the independence of the other. Both are united in the theory that advertisements are only permissible when they appear in their true character, and that the paper which prostitutes its columns by the insertion of paid puff and the guise of reading matter is a cheat which sooner or later must excite the contempt of patrons and the suspicion of readers.

Another point Mr. Henry has made—and one which few journals have had the courage or the stamina to uphold—is absolute impartiality in advertising charges. THE MIRROR's rates are published and are open to all alike. No concessions or special privileges are held out to certain advertisers—everybody is charged a uniform rate, one manager or actor exactly the same as another. THE MIRROR's charges, considering its great circulation and unequalled value as a theatrical medium, are moderate and reasonable, and each patron enjoys the identical advantages that are extended to every other.

Mr. Henry is indefatigable, agreeable and universally popular. His native modesty is such that he prefers doing a clever stroke of work to having it talked about. His whole interests are bound up in THE MIRROR, which is rarely fortunate in possessing the services of such an able and faithful business manager.

H. QUINTUS BROOKS.

The business manager's chief assistant is Mr. H. Quintus Brooks, who was born in Manningtree, England, on Feb. 26, 1857. Entering business while a young man he at first followed mercantile pursuits and then engaged in the wholesale fruit business in London and Paris. Great floods in the South of France occasioned him serious losses one year and he determined to leave Europe and try his fortunes in the United States.

Mr. Brooks came to New York in 1883 and joined THE MIRROR in September, 1886, as a traveling representative. This business took him for several months to Eastern and Western cities and towns and his pilgrimage resulted substantially.

On returning to New York Mr. Brooks, for his faithful and successful services, was given a

position in the counting-room as assistant to Mr. Henry. Here he has made himself indispensable.

SILAS E. JENKINS.

No account of the writers and business staff of this journal would be complete without allusion to Mr. Silas E. Jenkins, one of the most industrious and useful functionaries connected with the establishment.

Five years ago "Silas" as he is still called by everybody in the office, was engaged as an office boy. Before reading this he probably never knew that his name had more to do with his employment than anything else.

Out of a score of applicants he was selected because his name had a good, honest American flavor that promised well.

Silas began humbly, but it was not long before his exceptional merit made itself conspicuous, and he was promoted to be head office boy. Then he was advanced to take entire charge of the subscription department—work which demands regularity, the utmost care and active intelligence. The order-books and ledgers appertaining to it have steadily increased in bulk until now the young man looks after a list which taxes his energies and ministers to the pride he takes in his work. To his other duties about the office he has recently given some attention to writing and he frequently lends good assistance to some of the departmentalists.

When asked for some points respecting his life the invaluable Silas modestly furnished this brief data:

"Having reviewed my life I find that there are but three facts connected with it to interest anyone except myself: First, that it began on Christmas day, 1867; second, that it still is; third, that nearly one-quarter of it has been spent in THE MIRROR office."

Long may he wave!

The Correspondence Department.

The out-of-town correspondence has been a prominent feature of THE MIRROR since it began its existence a decade ago. This department has steadily kept pace with the growth of the paper, year by year, until now it is unapproached by any dramatic paper in the world. Each issue contains more out-of-town correspondence than all the so-called dramatic and quasi-theatrical papers published in New York.

In assiduously cultivating and developing this field almost to the fullest possible extent, THE MIRROR feels that it is justified in congratulating itself on having so well performed a work of incalculable value to all the interests of the profession. Scores of small towns throughout the country which would never be heard of had they not been brought into notice by THE MIRROR are now on the different circuits and form excellent one night stands for traveling companies en route between the larger towns. In many of these smaller towns before they were represented in our columns the visits of first class attractions were like those of angels, few and far—very far—between, but now in these same towns traveling companies play one or two return engagements during the season.

In its great chain of towns and cities—aggregating 600—the inexorable law of justice to all and favor to none is rigidly adhered to in the columns of THE MIRROR. Thus no traveling company can afford, on any pretext, to cut down its performance, slur it, or in any way slight an audience, whether it be in a hamlet of 500 or a town of 50,000 inhabitants. The eyes of THE MIRROR are watching such delinquencies and the culpable company will be censured in its columns.

This department is indispensable to resident and traveling managers for its bookings and routes. Say that a resident manager in Portland, Me., or Natchez, Miss., has business to transact with a traveling company in the far West. He reads the Portland, Oregon, letter in THE MIRROR and learns that the organization has played in that city; then he consults the "Dates Ahead" and ascertains that they are due in Winnipeg, Manitoba, on a certain date, for three nights, or a week's stand. He sends a dispatch and is answered promptly by the manager of the company wanted. This establishes an accurate system of communication with traveling companies which could not otherwise be obtained except at great cost, and it is a special feature of THE MIRROR.

With this survey of the field of operation and the scope of the work done in our correspondence department, THE MIRROR offers its congratulations to its loyal and able staff of correspondents. There are nearly 600 correspondents on our list. This corps is mainly composed of young men in various mercantile pursuits and professional callings, and consequently they possess culture and social position. Banks, insurance, railroads and real estate agencies engross the work-a-day attention of a large number of THE MIRROR's young men.

There are several ladies on the staff, including Mrs. Dr. H. C. Morrow, of Sherman, Texas; Mrs. J. M. Babbitt, of Washington; Mrs. C. E. Hayes, of Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. By De R. Clemons, of Hornellville, N. Y.; and Mrs. Charles W. Dohrman, of Stockton, Cal. They are reliable and capable correspondents. Miss Adele Godoy, THE MIRROR's Holland correspondent, is attached to the Royal Dramatic Company of the Netherlands. Miss Godoy is a clever actress and a decided literary culture and is

the author of several interesting books, and has made some capital translations of Dutch books into English.

In the Antipodes THE MIRROR is represented by H. J. Magee at Melbourne and Alfred Roberts at Sydney, whence monthly letters come.

The London and Paris correspondents, Gawain and Strapontin, have become fixed stars in THE MIRROR's sky, and need no commendation of their stellar effulgence.

If the editor of this department were permitted to hold an imaginary conversation with the critics in the large cities represented in these columns, after the manner of Christopher North in the "Ambrosian Nights," the drama, in all ages, would receive an entertaining and instructive discussion. In this symposium Dr. William F. Hartley, of Philadelphia; Mr. W. L. Cossar, of Chicago; Mr. Charles E. Hurd, of Boston; Mr. James McDonough, of Cincinnati; Mr. Joseph J. Kelly, of Baltimore; Mr. C. E. Merrihew, of Albany, and many others would break lances with all comers. Their contributions to THE MIRROR are models of ripe culture and are valuable in the critical sense.

Among the out-of-town correspondents during the past ten years several have gone on the stage and many became advance agents, treasurers and managers.

In last August Mr. John Hill, photographer for the Meriden Silver Plate Company, met with a sad death by being run over while crossing a railroad track. His remains were so terribly mangled that they were only identified by his signature to a letter which he had written to be sent to THE MIRROR that week. Mr. Hill was a fine-looking, well-preserved man of about sixty, and his dignified countenance, framed in a flowing beard, occupies its accustomed place in THE MIRROR album. He succeeded his son as correspondent, and after his lamentable death, although there were several applicants, his youngest son, Robert, was tendered the correspondenceship, which he accepted.

The following have been over five years in consecutive service as correspondents, while some have been uninterruptedly on the staff since it was organized:

C. M. Edson, Toledo, O.; George H. Colgrave, St. Paul, Minn.; George F. Hagaman, Reading, Pa.; John S. Frost, Shelbyville, Wis.; T. Wright, Mead, Wis.; Wm. C. Willard, L. Simpson, San Antonio, Texas; John S. McLain, Wichita, Kansas; J. W. King, Jamestown, N. Y.; H. D. Robinson, Coldwater, Mich.; Henry E. Patch, O. C. H. Dayton, St. Catharines, Canada; Spencer Hutchins, Houston, Texas; Antonio N. Pizzini, Richmond, Va.; Wm. H. Robinson, Chatham, Canada; John M. Duggan, Little Rock, Ark.; W. D. Kinsaid, Allentown, Pa.; P. L. Abbey, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Louis Cassin, ham, Lima, O.; J. Walter Lyder, Akron, O.; George D. Packard, Mystic Bridge, Conn.; T. D. McAvoy, Harrisonburg, Pa.; E. H. Hume, Ottawa, Can.; Thomas R. Hyatt, Opoka, Kan.; G. N. Berchler, Okaloosa, Ia.; T. C. Orndoff, Worcester, Mass.; S. H. Bessley, Montgomery, Ala.; Jacob Wanser, Fort Worth, Texas; C. B. Johnson, Salt Lake City; T. B. Whitman, Greenville, S. C.; J. H. Moreland, Adrian, Mich.; William Phillips, Michigan City, Ind.; Henry O'Brien, Auburn, N. Y.; T. C. Watson, Pensacola, Fla.; Owen E. Barker, Taunton, Mass.; John Cassara, Portville, Pa.; C. J. Powell, Scranton, Pa.; R. C. Hall, Columbus, O.; Henry Rose, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ed. Miller, Waterloo, Ia.; E. R. Bailey, Iowa, Mich.; Joseph B. Watson, Franklin, Pa.; W. J. H. Bradford, Madison, Wis.; J. W. Bell, Iowa; J. W. DeLoraine, Galveston, Ill.; J. D. Bentley, Oswego, N. Y.; C. R. Crowther, Middletown, Conn.; W. Stanley Pratt, Brockton, Mass.; W. Fraeger, Fort Scott, Kas.; T. H. Nestlin, Wisconsin; J. H. Solomon, Charlotte, N. C.; M. C. Hitchcock, Ansonia, Conn.; O. B. Pettit, Wabash, Ind.; Julius G. Uman, Williamsport, Pa.; J. I. Fleming, Burlington, Iowa; J. M. Adams, Tyler, Texas; Gen. Frank Reeder, Easton, Pa.; John A. Schick, Bethlehem, Pa.; W. S. Croft, South Norwalk; John H. Warren, Rockford, Ill.; Will Beckwith, Danville, Ill.; Walter L. Howe, Lawrence, Kan.; C. M. Bunn, Bay City, Mich.; J. M. Berdop, Lynn, Mass.; H. P. Dabney, Coon's Bluff, Iowa; H. N. Pastore, Jr., Danbury, Conn.; S. P. Raybale, Mexico, Mo.; W. H. McDowd, Urbana, O.; I. P. Laurie, Sterling, Ill.; J. E. Robertson, Paducah, Ky.

This list is a sufficient commentary upon the class of correspondents THE MIRROR has in its service. No manager, resident or traveling, has ever had occasion to find fault with the work done by these gentlemen.

THE MIRROR hopes that many of them will be in its service when another decade has whirled around in the cycle of time.

The Composing-Room.

On Monday morning the correspondence editor's desk snows letters by the ream. As he rapidly scans their contents and deftly piles the pencil blue, the revised product is borne off by the "devil" to the composing room. Here they are received by Mr. Robert G. Moore, who has been foreman of THE MIRROR composing room almost since the paper was started. Mr. Moore resigned the foremanship of the Jersey City *Evening Argus* to take charge of the mechanical department of THE MIRROR. He is courteous in bearing and a first-class workman, as his handiwork will amply testify.

The composing-room, which is on the top floor of the building, is one of the most spacious in the United States. It is connected by electric wires, tubes and pulley-boxes with the editorial and counting rooms. Several of the "comps." have been engaged on this paper almost since its first birthday and the remainder have been a floating class comprising many of the best and probably some of the worst specimens of which this erratic profession can boast. The necessity for getting the pages "set up" in a limited time leaves a good deal of leeway on the hands of the type setters, but this is accepted with a philosophical resignation that is really charming to behold.

Among the regular men employed in this department for from five to ten years might be specially mentioned Messrs. James McCann, Charles Weis, P. Ed. Rausch, the veteran James Hart, Speck White and H. R. Smith, who have proved themselves reliable and capable. The rest of the steady "comps." are clever and deserving of merit. The nationalities of the compositors are as varied as their names: North and South, Canada and Aus-

tralia, Ireland and Germany, all contribute their representatives. Many of the men have left this part of the country and become correspondents, and good ones, too, in remote places, notably Mr. Haley, of Peterburg, Va.

On receiving the "copy" the foreman arranges the letters by States, and they are "hung on the hook." In an amazingly brief space of time the letters are set in cold type, marshaled into columns, and the proofs read carefully by two men, one reading the proof aloud, and the other closely scanning the "copy" to see that both correspond. In all its details the work of getting out the paper in the mechanical department is as onerous as on any large daily paper, as the whole of it is virtually done in three days. When the type is made up and the forms "imposed," the latter are sent down to the press room, where three giant presses chafe impatiently to run off the large edition—a job that keeps them busy from Wednesday noon until 10 A. M. on Thursday.

At the press room Mr. Joseph Smith exercises his skill in making ready the portraits and cuts in the "form," and considering the limited time allowed for such work Mr. Smith certainly does his part well.

Delivery System.

The delivery of supplies to the American News Company—which serves the dealers all over the country—begins at midnight, when the papers are bundled and dispatched to the various railway depots in time to catch the early morning trains to all points North, South, East and West. The delivery wagons make hourly trips from the press rooms to the News Company until Thursday forenoon. The copies for city and out-of-town mail subscribers are sent in huge sacks to the post office at 7 A. M., on Thursday, where they are immediately weighed, assorted, and dispatched.

The Giddy Gusher.



I suppose if I can judge by the human countenance that Ed. Harrigan is as firm as a rock in his convictions and as hard to turn as the course of a river. But he is, as all managers must be, the servant of the public to do the public's will.

At any time Monday night, if the strains of a catching march had come round the corner of the last flat, and the tramp of an oncoming phalanx of colored troops been heard, every person in the Park Theatre would have sprung on their legs and shouted a welcome.

At any period of Monday evening had a party of male and female coons strung along up in front of the footlights leading up to a song and dance, we would have thrown up our hats and waked the echoes with anticipatory delight.

Lorgaire is a thousand times more interesting than Waddy Gooogan. Sweet strains of Braham's swinging music springs up like flowers when the dramatic road gets a little dusty. Harrigan has got some very clever people about him. Frank Aiken, the inimitable Mrs. Yeamans, Little Merritt, the good-looking Peasants and beautiful Anne O'Neil.

But the habitues of his house want that element for which they first patronized it down at the Comique when the Mulligan sketches caught the town.

Mr. Harrigan drew the "carriage people," the society headlamps, but he drew them by the clever, rough fun of his original style of entertainment which was a positive sensation to the seated theatre goers, who found high class dramas as produced at the uptown theatre boxes, who had wearied of Irish plays at Wallack's and Niblo's, who had sickened of sensational melodramas in various places, and fled to the little Comique to bow lower the collisions between a colored servant and an Irish 'riment landlord; to shriek at Annie Yeamans putting on the airs of Madison Avenue in Mulberry Street.

The music was wonderful, the dancing admirable, and Harrigan's name a synonym for heartfelt enjoyment. The banker and the judge went there to forget care, and all New York climbed down to the Comique and Harrigan was famous.

I watch an audience gather at the Park for a first night, and I wish the clever manager would catch a few minutes' survey of 'em as I do.

See how eagerly they scan the programmes; how alive in the synopsis, stating that here a song occurs, or there a dance, will bring the smile to the reader's face. Mark how such a statement is pointed out to the adjacent parties. How with a shrug of satisfaction they settle in their seats prepared to be pleased.

Put in all the character acting you feel like doing, dear Mr. Harrigan, but let's have as much of the spirit of the old Comique days as possible run into your play.

And when the sad day comes, that comes to all managers as well as all men, the town will be hung with black since the prince of mirth-makers, the great exorciser of evil spirits, the prime banisher of dull care, has gone to his reward.

The melodramatic heroes of the world never have clung to the hearts of the people like the fun-makers. Do we hear of James Wallack and William Wheatley as often as of Burton and Blake? And when people speak respectfully but unconcernedly of Booth and Barrett, the tears of regret will follow mention of Joe Jefferson, Nat Goodwin and the smile manufacturers of the present day.

We go to the Park hungry for the order of play that makes Harrigan famous. The press

and the public will endorse the prayer I pray. Give us our Mulligan, oh, Harrigan! Vouchsafe us our dearly loved negro melodies. Grant us our beloved song and dance teams. We don't want to be thrilled. We want no mechanical effects. We want no hair-standing escapes and rescues. We want the true Harrigan brand of play—boiling with fun full of melody, swinging to the rhythm of flying feet, sweet voices and merry laughter—and this, oh, Harrigan, we beseech ye to give us and thine shall be the profit, the honor and the glory forever and a long time. So be it.

Harrigan has an excellent company now. That Anne O'Neil is very clever for a young girl. She has certainly profited by gazing at the Miss Freshes who populate the stage just now. There is not an ounce of affectation in her composition. She does all she does with such a pleading, shy, hopeful of pleasing way that one with half her ability would be applauded for all they attempted. I will think she is going to make her big success in some comedy character.

Louise Sylvester is another funny woman. Give her a ridiculous part like Fanny Squeers and she'll walk all over everything. But she can play anything. The old Irish witch in Lorgaire made a bit. I wonder if anyone in all the audience on Monday night knew who the looked enough like to be own sister to? Miss Evans (Mrs. Cross)—"George Eliot."

Lord! It was like seeing that great genius come up out of her grave to look on the face of Louise Sylvester.

"There's a sword swallower and an impale ment act on the programme," said my father. "Stop right there," said my mother. "She does not attend that circus. We should have one of our own next day—poor Matt impaled on the pantry door by the kitchen knife, and the parlor poker half way down her own throat as she did the sword swallowing act."

This conversation took place a great many years ago, but it's as true of your Gusher today as when the flat went forth about the circus.

I never see mortal do, or attempt to do, anything, that heart and soul I don't go into the same business. Especially is this true of all pretty artistic articles, wax flowers, paper flowers, leather flowers, wood carving, brass hammering, porcelain painting, satin painting, embroidery, knitting, crocheting. I never saw anything made that I didn't fly at it.

A little time ago a Mrs. Carrie Shoof, of Fort Wayne, sent me some photos of pottery she made, fac-similes of the beautiful Limoges ware. Then she sent me a specimen and I was delighted.

I never saw anything so pretty, so ingenious, and such fun to make. When I took to painting I thought that the pleasantest work in the world, but to mould that clay into lovely flowers, fruit and foliage; to paint them, enamel 'em, and see magnificent effects grow under your hands, is altogether the most fascinating exercise I have taken in years.

Do I want to write gushers? Not much. I want to make vases. Every old can, old bottle, tin-pail and baking dish in the house is undergoing transformation into something beautiful. Think of taking an old tomato can, the would only be of use to a tramp, covering it with clay, building on little clay legs; budding out little clay handles on its sides; modeling leaves and stems and flowers; cementing them on in graceful designs; painting them all in like-like colors; covering them with an enamel like glass, and finishing in an hour or so an article you couldn't buy at any place for a lot of money.

I had to get sick of china painting, three was so much to do to finish it. And there were so many unnatural things about the colors. To paint a rose a nasty, muddy that I offered me very little satisfaction, though I knew when it was fired it would come out a delicious pink. It was as bad as writing with some pale fluid that turned a gorgeous shining black after an hour or so.

I tried that once, and my writing looked like John L. Sullivan and my sentiments were worse.

I've got to see the fruit of my efforts on deck at once. So the Limoges ware is simply delightful. This Christmas I scatter my new-found art broadcast among my friends. Whatever presents I make, the Limoges vase has got to be taken with it.

I'm trying to get Mrs. Shoof to come to New York to teach, though, as in my case, it isn't wholly necessary. If any one gets the materials and some written directions and some specimens, they will surprise themselves.

How tantalizing it is to have to write this morning when a nice lump of wet clay lies temptingly near, the top of every table littered with tubes of paint, bottles of enamel masses of leaves and berries and flowers almost dry enough to begin to decorate with.

Why, I have to wrestle with the desire I have to drop the poor Gusher and rush to my dear pottery.

But there are so many things connected with it I can't do that. I won't forsake my paper for clay. I send a wild cry to Fort Wayne: Come on! Carrie M. Shoof, come on! I can get a class of a hundred together for you in one afternoon, and I to be the tallest kind of a scholar myself.

Did I ever dream when I made clay pies in clam shells and baked 'em in the sun, that that despised substance I was forever ruining my colors with, and getting punished for, would yield me so much delight and prove so fascinating? Come on, Mrs. Shoof, and come at once. Let me not burn in ignorance.

Emma Babcock, Lucia Dockstader, Sidney Armstrong, Otis Stoddard, Mrs. Abbey, Mrs. Sanger, Julia Percy, Kate Fennell, dear "Nella"—a dozen artist friends—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Fannie Thomas and a score of literary women with beautiful homes and artistic tastes will hail Mrs. Shoof and her wonderful art with grateful rejoicing.

Come on, Madame, let's all go to making the beautiful Limoges ware and be as happy as THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Haverly's Minstrels are again to the fore. They played at \$100 in Virginia City one day; over \$200 in Salt Lake City two days, and the week ending Dec. 1 brought in \$600 gross, with the loss of Thanksgiving travel. R. G. Knowles joins the company on Sunday at Chicago.

Little Lord Fauntleroy will be done in San Francisco before the season closes.

At the Theatres.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE—THE LORCAIRE.
 The Lorgaire..... Edward Harrigan
 Sir Robert Elliot..... Frank E. Allen
 Dennis Slattery..... Harry Fisher
 Felix Ryan..... G. L. Stout
 Dan Garrity..... Joseph Sparks
 Paul Gillespie..... Fred W. Peters
 Terry Mullahay..... Marcus Moriarty
 Robert Ryan..... George Merritt
 Sergeant Haley..... James Rennie
 Nancy Nugent..... Mrs. Annie Yeomans
 Nora Mullahay..... Anne O'Neill
 Shelia..... Louise Sylvester
 Widow Mullahay..... Marion Lester
 Mrs. Mahone..... Mamie Richards

Edward Harrigan's departure from the local field for an incursion into that of the Irish melodrama occurred on Monday night. The initial production of *The Lorgaire* was witnessed by a crowded house, largely composed of the Park's clientele. From first to last everybody was entertained, amused and pleased in the fullest sense of these terms.

The incidents of the main story are related to a somewhat involved underplot, but the whole forms an interesting narrative. The villainy of the piece is frustrated by the Lorgaire, who does yeoman service righting wrongs. In accomplishing his work as a Scotland Yard detective Mr. Harrigan assumes five different characters—a commercial traveler, a French smuggler, a village schoolmaster, a man-o'-warman and a country pedler. He penetrates mysteries and unravels the tangled skein of the plot with the genius of a combined Hawkshaw and Pinkerton.

To write a thoroughly Irish drama with sufficient touches of humor and human nature to make it generally interesting, while offensive to none, is a difficult task. The political and religious dissensions of the country, the extremes of culture and ignorance to be met with in the middle and lower classes, the prejudices of caste, are barriers not yet cleared away from the dramatist's path. The classic Irish dramatists, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Knowles, left no distinctively Irish dramatic works, but their pens, like the swords of their countrymen, were in foreign service.

In the Lorgaire Mr. Harrigan has admirably constructed an original Irish drama, racy of the soil, pleasing to all, and with strong situations and thrilling climaxes.

His work in the title part was a strong test for his versatility in character acting, and he more than met the sanguine expectations of his friends. He imparted contagious humor to the schoolmaster and jolly French smuggler, and he diversified the amusing French English patois of the Frenchman with very clever dancing. Mrs. Annie Yeomans as Nancy Nugent was inimitably clever and scored a hit in the part. Harry Fisher as the villain, Dennis Slattery, gave a strong characterization of the part, although his physique is scarcely powerful enough for such a role. Fred W. Peters was excellent as the young hero, Terry Mullahay, who turns out to be the rightful heir.

In the prison scene Mr. Peters sang one of the new songs of the play, "Oh, my Molly is Waiting for Me," with fine effect. George Merritt as little Barney Mahone the brogue-maker, a half-witted and very comical individual who, while clad in a red coat, was taken for a goblin called a Leprechaun, made a great success in the part and was irresistibly funny.

Mr. Merritt and James Rennie, the recruiting sergeant, sang a fine duet and were enthusiastically encored. Anne O'Neill as Nora Mullahay was very pleasing, and though the part was not an exciting role, she did it charmingly. Louise Sylvester made her first appearance at this theatre, and made a decided hit as Shelia, an old sibyl.

The scenery as a whole is the most beautiful and elaborate ever introduced in plays of this kind.

Dave Braham in the series of new ballads and milkmaid choruses introduced in the play, presents many sweet melodies such as are found in the folk songs of Ireland and Scotland.

At the Windsor on Monday night an immense audience greeted W. J. Gilmore's production of the spectacular pantomime called *The Twelve Temptations*. The piece revolves about the original production and the old German folk legend upon which it was founded in nothing but the name and the fact that the hero makes a voyage. The alterations are from the pen of Charles H. Yale.

The old German story was substantially adhered to in Jim Fisk's production at the Grand Opera House a score of years ago, and it represented the son of a widowed miller being tempted by the Evil Genius whom he met in a tremendous gorge of the Harz Mountains, to undertake a voyage as the price of obtaining a wife, a most beautiful creature. The Evil Genius presents his victim with a magic collar of twelve tablets. If the victim can withstand certain temptations he will be a victor; if not, each time he yields a tablet will drop from his collar as a warning. In the pursuit of his object he becomes King of Egypt and is seen in his glory in the magnificent palace of the Pharaohs. He loses all his tablets but one, which he still has when dying of thirst in the Arabian desert. He yields to the last temptation of wishing for power, which renders him powerless before the demons, who seize their prey. Immense sums were spent by Fisk upon the gorgeous ballet and transformation scenes, and the piece ran at the Grand Opera House to crowded houses for fourteen weeks.

Charles Yale has made his hero a prince instead of a miller, sent him on a voyage to the frozen regions of the pole instead of the burning banks of the Nile, and made him a bone of contention between the Fairy Spirit of the Sun and the Snow Queen Zero. He has also rung in the old English legend of "More of More Hall, or the Green Dragon of Wootley." Introduced the idea of an imprisoned spirit which runs through the famous old Spanish story of the "Lime Devil," makes the hero rescue from the power of the Dragon the enslaved Spirit of the Sun, who in return rescues him from the Snow Queen and enables him to marry his Felicia in a transformation scene of cut drops, Dutch metal and red cabalistic flowers.

The spectacle included two interesting ballets, in which the graceful dancing of Marie Bonfanti, Emma Papparella and Victor Chiodo was conspicuous and highly applauded. The usual unit of diverse amusement is introduced, the acrobatic performance of the brothers Judge being particularly clever. Another feature was the ludicrous donkey ride of Dame Wurs. One of the scenes representing a wrecked ship on an iceberg, with vast icicles glittering in the sun, was effective and striking. With that exception, the scenery was disappointingly coarse and inartistic, much of it absolutely out of drawing, though some, by dint of plenty of foil paper and calcium light, glittered to the satisfaction of the audience. The costumes were pretty and the

whole thing given with a vim and go which condoned many artistic shortcomings and guaranteed its success as a road piece.

David M. Murray took the part of the valiant prince and looked like one. Stanley Macy played Snoro Apropos with a large amount of comic feeling and a good deal in the style of De Wolf Hopper. The comic parts of Snoro, a village constable; Runso, a notary, and Magnus, a doctor, were respectively played with painstaking vigor by Charles O'Brien, Augustus Pixley and Henry Rice. Burton Stanley was genuinely comic as Mother Wurs, the innkeeper.

Katherine Keane acted cleverly and looked extremely beautiful as Felicia, handsome Florence Ashbrook played the Queen of the Sun, and Mai Estelle, as the Snow Queen, gave evidences of the possession of forceful ability of a tragic order. A numerous and pretty corps de ballet danced an effective and novel arrangement in which a number of live cockatoos were carried by the coryphees.

Taken as a whole *The Twelve Temptations* gave ample evidence of hard and thorough work on the part of Mr. Yale and of his keen knowledge of the present state of the taste of the paying public.

Next week, *One of the Bravest*.

After a prosperous tour through Mexico Herrmann, the perennial prestidigitateur, appeared at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday night, and proved as entertaining as ever. His "Thirty Minutes of Magic," or Part One of the programme, was enlivened by a new Mexican waltz called "Sobre Los Oies" (over the waves), dedicated to Mme. Herrmann while in the City of Mexico last October. The balancing feats and fantastic attitudes of D'Alvini in Part Two also came in for a large share of applause.

The mysteries of Black Art in Part Three were decidedly thrilling to persons unaccustomed to the sensation of decapitation. But Prof. Herrmann evidently yearns for something more wickedly horrible. Accordingly he introduces a cremation scene as Part Four, and endeavors to send Mme. Herrmann home nightly as a "Fry in a Box." She prefers, however, to have a dummy substitute reduced to ashes, no matter what preference the audience may have in this matter. Subsequently a visionary reflection by means of mirrors shows the cremated beauty clinging to a cross. The vision vanishes into space when approached by Prof. Herrmann's fendish assistant. The latter makes a vigorous "kick" when the devil and grim death begin to shadow him. The usual "Magic Improvisations" completed the entertainment.

Dockstader's convocation of sable harmonists inaugurated a new programme on Monday evening, to the evident satisfaction of a large audience. The vocal and musical features were an improvement, if that were possible, upon the previous week's programme, and the gem of the evening was the singing of the ancient melody, "Dublin Bay," by John McWade, with new musical arrangement by the versatile Mullaly. The travesty on Otello was rather insipid, and fell flat, as also did the "laughable act" entitled *Murder in the Old Homestead*. A return to the old-time negro farces would be a novelty at Dockstader's—at least they would be an improvement upon the so-called travesties and burlesques imposed upon the charitable audiences which assembled at this house. The other features of the evening were pleasantly entertaining—notably the acrobatic act of Franks and Marion, the tango playing of Edwin French and the droll sayings and acting of Billy Sweatnam, George Marion and others.

Messrs. Booth and Barrett presented Julius Caesar at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night. The event drew a splendid house.

This is doubtless due to the prominence the tragedy gives to both stars. The production differs but little from that of last season, the cast remaining much the same. One feature of note is the admirable work by the pupils of the Madison Square Theatre School of Acting, who compose the mob and show evidence of careful and judicious training. Of Messrs Booth and Barrett as Brutus and Cassius we can say nothing that we have not said before. Charles Hanford made a good Marc Antony, and was called before the curtain three times. Minna Gale was a sweet Portia, and Agnes Acres as Lucius was graceful and winsome. The rest of the company were painstaking and, on the whole, capable.

Monday night at the People's Frank Mayo and his company presented *The Royal Guard* to a large assemblage. Mr. Mayo played D'Artagnan in his usual pleasing style and completely won the esteem of his audience. J. H. Taylor as Richelieu, and Lorimer Oscar as the King were satisfactory. Oscar Eagle made an excellent Buckingham. Adelaide Fitz Allen was a clever Lady de Winter. Loyola O'Connor played the Queen with dignity and grace. Maria Burress, a debutante, acted Constance with considerable *naïveté*. She gives promise of better things, in spite of a tendency, however, to be a trifle stagy. Next week the He, She, Him and Her Comedy company.

Monte Cristo is attracting good houses to the Thalia this week. George C. Boniface in his new play will be the attraction on Monday next.

Over the Garden Wall, with a company of amusing comedians, is entertaining large audiences at the Third Avenue where it opened on Monday. The funny piece is made the vehicle of a lot of agreeable singing and dancing and some good specialties.

The London Gaieties will institute their change of bill on Monday night at the Standard, succeeding *Monte Cristo*, Jr., with Miss Esmeralda. The company is doing a fair business.

Mr. Pastor has introduced a new specialty company at his theatre this week—Shirley and Blakely's troupe—which is composed of clever performers many of whose acts are novel as well as entertaining.

The Wife has apparently lost none of its popularity, judging from the large audience that assembled to witness this Lyceum on Monday night. Although but two members of the original cast are in the road company the piece is well acted and proved highly entertaining. Nelson Wheatcroft, who played

Mathew Culver in the original production, played John Rutherford, and made a decided hit. Frank Carlyle was satisfactory as Robert Grey, and the Culver of Henry Herman proved acceptable. James O. Barrows was exceptionally good as Major Putnam. Charles S. Dickson as Jack Dexter was in his element and received much applause in his comic scenes with Kitty Ives. Of the ladies, Mrs. Berlan-Gibbs as Helen Tuman carried off the honors. She was most effective in the pathetic phases of the role, bringing tears to many eyes in the audience. Adeline Stanhope as Lucille Ferriant and Adelaide Thornton as Mrs. S. Belamy Ives acquitted themselves with great credit, while Hattie Schell as Kitty made herself a favorite at once. Next week, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The Crystal Slipper has still another week to run at the Star Theatre. The 200th performance—reckoning probably by Chicago time—was celebrated last night (Wednesday), when glass slippers were given to the women present as souvenirs of the occasion.

Mary Anderson's engagement at Palmer's will close one week from Saturday night. The *Winter's Tale* will continue to be presented except on Saturday night next and at the final matinee. Mrs. Potter will follow in her production of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Captain Swift is absorbing the interest of large houses at the Madison Square Theatre. The piece sustains the spectators' curiosity up to the final act, while the well-nigh perfect cast elicits nothing but admiration. Yesterday Mr. Buicault and his pupils gave the second special matinee of the season, appearing in *Kerry and Hunted Down*.

Little Lord Fauntleroy has captivated the fancy of the town, and the town is to be congratulated for being sensible to the delights of its sweet child's idyl. The Broadway, which had rather a hard row to hoe with such pieces as *The Koffer Diamond* and *Mr. Barnes*, is fortunate in having found at last an artistic and pecuniary success.

The Bijou's brazen Simian still draws the curious and the nonsense-loving in goodly numbers.

The Yeomen of the Guard is potent in attracting large crowds of people to the Casino. Miss Ricci and Miss Gerrish, Mr. Solomon and Mr. Ryle form a quartette of clever and favorite artists that would give distinction to the cast of a less interesting opera than Gilbert and Sullivan's latest.

The Old Homestead holds its phenomenal popularity at the Academy of Music. Everybody has seen it, but that does not seem to make the slightest difference in the attendance.

The Two Sisters keeps the boards at Niblo's, where it seems to be thriving. This makes its third week.

Sweet Lavender is crowding the little Lyceum every night. Mr. Le Moyne, Mr. Miller and Miss Dillon's personations are singled out by the audiences from the excellent distribution of parts for special applause. Several critics—on the principle of once something always that and never, by any possible means, anything else—take exception to Miss Dillon's playing the sweet and sentimental little character of Lavender. They say that because she has hitherto acted bouffantes and ingenues she must not be permitted, without protest, to trespass outside of those lines. Nevertheless, Miss Dillon has scored a success in the role, and her dainty and sympathetic acting is relished by epicurean playgoers.

Sunday night entertainments have broken out at several of the theatres. Last Sunday there were concerts by the Seventy-first Regiment band at the Academy, Dodworth's band at the Thalia and the Sixty-ninth Regiment band at the Third Avenue. Prof. Cromwell lectured at the Grand Opera House, and Frank Oakes Rose gave an "illustrated entertainment" at Niblo's. Next Sunday some of these programmes will be repeated, while Pat Gilmore and his musicians will give a concert at the Broadway.

The Musical Mirror.

The representation of *Fidelio* at the Metropolitan on Wednesday of last week was an interesting occasion, especially to the German portion of the audience, promising, as it did, the first appearance of a new and important prima donna dramatica, Fr. Fanny Moran-Olden comes to us with the reputation of an artist of first rank, and music-lovers had been led to expect in her a singer able to replace, in some sort, such artists as Lehmann and Materna.

Beethoven's noble music was as nobly rendered by Mr. Seidl and his fine orchestra. Fischer gave a capital picture of the bluff and kindly jailer, Rocco; Alvary was dramatic and good as the suffering Florestan; and Katie Bettaque, Beck and Grienauer were acceptable in their subordinate parts. Yet the total result of the evening was to most minds probably unsatisfactory; the debut of Mme. Moran-Olden as Leonora left a mixed impression, in which disappointment bore a large share. It is fair to say that she was heavily handicapped. A boy's dress, painfully unbecoming for her stature and figure, a purely classical role not in the best line of her repertoire, and a first appearance before an absolutely new audience which, we are told, European artists are apt to dread—all this was enough, and more than enough, to explain the evident nervousness with which the debutante attacked her work, and to palliate much which on first hearing disappointed critical expectation.

Mme. Olden is a woman of decided maturity both in person and artistic faculty, of figure rather majestic than symmetrical, and of features more expressive than beautiful. Her voice, evidently once tremendously powerful, has an exceptional range, including with ease the mezzo soprano and pure soprano registers, and is still strong, full, sonorous and reasonably flexible. She does not vocalize or phrase with very notable ease, and many of her notes on Wednesday were produced in a hard and toneless way, which contrasted oddly with the full and ringing quality of others. In short, it is a worn voice, rather past its prime. Her most noticeable technical faults are a frequently defective intonation and a habit of

sliding to her note, instead of attacking it promptly and firmly, which sometimes borders on the grotesque.

It is natural, therefore, that Mme. Moran-Olden, in merely musical regard, should give slight pleasure to any of her audience save, perhaps, the most enthusiastic of ultra Teutonic partisans. Yet in all her work there was a dignity, breadth and force which carried the impression of power—of authority—and prevented her from being insignificant. Evidently Mme. Moran-Olden is somebody, and this, with her imported reputation, left judicious hearers filled with an interested curiosity in her next appearance under presumably more favorable auspices.

After curtain-fall the band gave a delightful performance of Weber's ever fresh and charming *Invitation*, and then the curtain rose for a quartet by some dozen of the ballet cavaliers in breeches and dress coats, followed by a rustic dance in (ballet) peasant costume—the whole simple, fresh, pretty and—brief.

Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* is usually rated as a specially popular opera, though it is rather hard to say why. Writing, as he always did, rather from his head than his emotions, the composer has put into this work less of purely musical inspiration than usual. It is notably full of labored effects—what a Frenchman would call *volu*—and along with some dainty orchestration and a few marked and good concerted numbers, contains weary stretches and deserts of counterpoint and declamation, where the listener is fain to fall back on his interest in the dialogue and story pure and simple. As nobody, except in the front rows, hears what is said or sung, and the lowered gas-lights preclude reading the book even this interest is apt to be fragmentary and feeble.

But the action is strong, consequent, thrilling and dramatic; it calls for almost the whole reserve force of the company, and the scenic effects are magnificently spectacular. So the theatre is usually packed for its presentation as was the case on Friday night, and the performance, with some decidedly weak spots, was as an ensemble interesting and good.

In the character of Selika Mme. Moran-Olden found her opportunity. The barbaric richness of the dress and surroundings of the Oriental princess, and the intense emotional character of this very exhausting role, just suited her large and forceful type, personal and artistic. Much of defect in merely technical regards passes unheeded in the fire of the action, while her really strong artist nature and fine stage knowledge stand forth so prominently that it was difficult to recognize the woman who sang and acted with such chill embarrassment in the doublet and hose of the boy *Fidelio*. She sang and acted with splendid force and breadth, and though the defects of method already noted were occasionally palpable, they only partly detracted from the dignity of her large and strong impersonation.

Robinson co-operated with her admirably as Nelusco. It may be doubted whether he ever does better work than this fine dramatic and picturesque impersonation of sorrow and devotion in the lofty but passionate soul of the barbaric lover. Sophie Traubmann was a rather pale Inez; her voice is a little cold and colorless, and her vocal methods crude and uncertain.

Fischer was most satisfactory in his dual role of Don Pedro and the Grand Brahmin. Amid all the chances and changes of multifarious styles, methods and personalities, there is a grateful sense of repose in the trustful certainty with which the hearer learns to rely on Fischer's broad, calm, firm, correct method and noble voice. He is always excellent—except when he is called on to be lively.

Decidedly the weak spot of the performance was Herr Perotti. With his constrained and ungraceful action and rasping voice, he gave an imperfect picture of the chivalric navigator and lover, Vasco di Gama. There must, it would seem, always be one skeleton in every operatic troupe. People with delicate ears will be resigned to find Herr Perotti kept in the closet as much as possible.

The mounting was superb. The great galloon of the second act with its towering poop-deck, adorned with paintings of saints and gilded ornaments, its galleries, guns, ladders, bulwarks and sea tackle, was probably the finest specimen of this particular bit of stage setting ever seen here.

Equal praise is due the glittering, thronging magnificence of Selika's triumphal entry in Act III. Taste and liberality on the part of the management, of the costumer, the scene-painter, and the property-man, could hardly further go.

Schumann, as most music-lovers are aware, struggled for years with the insidious encroachments of mental disorder before his sad end, brought about by his disease, in 1856. Much of his later work shows, in its fitful, vague, yet intricate construction the traces of this mental weakness, but in the works of his best period, the bright, sunny, healthy tone and rich fancy are as prominent as delightful.

Such a composition is the opus 52 overture, scherzo and finale, which headed the programme of the Second Philharmonic Concert at the Metropolitan on Saturday evening. It was beautifully rendered; with this well-known orchestra and with Thomas at the desk, the statement is almost superfluous.

Before the appearance of Mme. Fursch-Madi, the vocalist of the evening, the indulgence of the audience was requested in view of her invalid condition. It was a sad blow to the expectant hearers to have to put up with anything less than Mme. Fursch-Madi's best. How very good that is, probably only people of really keen and cultivated musical taste thoroughly appreciate. Both her arias were well chosen and interesting, and the second especially beautiful. Her extract from Meyer's opera of *Sigurd* is substantially almost a paraphrase from the first scene of *Blüthilde's* awakening in Wagner's *Siegfried*. It shows noteworthy points of resemblance, in instrumental device and orchestral treatment, with the more famous work as well as traces of the influence of Berlioz, with whom the composer was intimately allied. A fragment from Massenet's *Herodiade*, also new, gave interesting assurance of the fine passionate and dramatic intensity characteristic of some of the best modern French composers, a school to which one is sometimes tempted to look for the new Avarar, the reconciling genius which shall blend and develop the tendencies of the old Italian and the new German schools.

Mme. Fursch-Madi palpably made a great sacrifice to sing at all with a larynx which ill responded to her consummate art. She hardly did more than vocalize, with a sort of *voce bianca*, save for a clear forte passage here

and there which gave earnest of what she will do when her throat clears up. We hope for an early opportunity of doing something like justice to the merits of this admirable singer, one of the wisest musicians and most thorough artists who have ever set foot in our city.

The long scena cantante from Spohr's violin concerto No. 8 was pleasing and musically, more satisfactory in the orchestral portion than in the solo. The programme informs us that the composer sought "to afford opportunity to the virtuoso for displaying beauty of tone and power of expression." It was not a happy choice to select Richard Arnold for its interpretation. With some taste and refinement and much technical skill, he is anything but a virile or forceful player. His tone is thin and weak, and his intonation not always true; "beauty of tone and power of expression" are precisely what he lacks.

An excellent performance of Rubinstein's fine Ocean Symphony closed the evening. It is aptly named, not because it aims at programmatic minuteness, of dashing wave or rattling thunder or howling gale, for it does not. It trusts to general impression and analogy; it is warm in color and sonorous, now massive and agitated, anon formless, dreamy and flowing; it gives the feeling of ocean, not its visible or audible type. But probably Mr. Kelly, of the Pacific slope, would think it but slightly expressive.

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I made a trial of Don's Stick Points you had the kindness to send me for sample and I hasten to express you my entire satisfaction. By popularizing this article you will do a good service to the artists who suffer so much from the pernicious matters which form the elements of the paints used until now.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

Published every Thursday at 145 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-first Street.

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—One year, \$4; Six months, \$2.50. **ADVERTISEMENTS** twenty cents per line, square measure. Professional Cards (3 lines), \$3 per quarter. Terms cash. Further particulars mailed on application. Advertisements received up to 1 p. m. Wednesday. Foreign advertisements and subscriptions taken at home office rates by our European agents, The International News Company, 11 Boulevard St. (Fleet St.), London, England; Grande Hotel Kiosque, Paris, France; F. A. Brockhaus, Linkstrasse 4, Berlin, Germany; F. A. Brockhaus, Querstrasse 50, Leipzig, Germany; F. A. Brockhaus, 4-7 Plankengasse, Wein 1 (Vienna), Austria, where THE MIRROR is on sale every week.

THE MIRROR is supplied to the trade by all News Companies.

Make all cheques and money orders payable to THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Entered at the New York Post Office as mail matter of the Second Class.

NEW YORK - DECEMBER 15, 1888.

"The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America."

We Commemorate and Celebrate.

THE MIRROR, whose business it is to talk about other people, takes the liberty of saying a good deal about itself this week. But as the occasion is the tenth anniversary of the paper's natal day, and as the space devoted to this purpose is furnished by the addition of four pages to the customary twelve, we believe that our readers will not strenuously object to the digression.

In tracing the steady growth and broad expansion of THE MIRROR the complete and succinct account printed elsewhere possesses a double interest. Not only does it review the active and useful career of the American theatrical organ, but it also forms an entertaining and profitable summary of many of the chief events and changes which mark the past decade in many respects as the most important in the whole history of our stage.

Wonderful has been the progress made during this period in the artistic and commercial development of theatricals, and gratifying have been the improvements in the condition and the environment of the profession.

We view the good results observable in these directions with pride and satisfaction, intensified by the reflection that this journal has been the instrument by means of which many of them have been accomplished.

We have always endeavored to be faithful to what we consider a sacred trust—watchful guardianship of the best interests of the stage, and sturdy championship of those connected with it.

Taking, at the beginning, the stand that the profession needed and would sustain a weekly journal devoted to news, criticism and comment, which should uphold a high standard of art and ethics, and which should not degrade its clientele by publicly dragging the stage into the mire of scurrilism and scandal, we have adhered strictly to the principles then laid down.

Now, at the conclusion of ten years of close adhesion to the policy that we knew to be right and thoroughly believed in, we can point to the record and say that our convictions and our faith are amply justified.

From a modest little sheet that ventured boldly forth upon the troubled sea of journalism on the 4th of January, 1879, bearing on its title page those precarious and significant numerical abbreviations, "Vol. I., No. 1," THE MIRROR has spread out into a great and influential journal, which is read by the entire profession and by thousands of non-professionals in all parts of the country; which is the acknowledged leader in all urgent reforms and beneficial movements, and which enjoys the friendship and support of the most reputable and substantial people engaged in what is sometimes paradoxically called the business of amusements.

THE MIRROR has addressed itself to the better instincts and elements of theatrical life. Its aim has been comprehensive. Not simply content with making itself indispensable in the trade paper sense, it has strived to be bright and entertaining, and above all conscientiously regardful of the large responsibilities and high duties imposed by its leadership.

We think that we have been consistently just and fearless, while not insensible to the obligations devolving upon the journalistic representative of the great army of professionals. We have brought no indignity upon the drama or its votaries. We have not bespattered them with mud and filth. The American stage has certainly suffered no disadvantage from THE MIRROR's success and popu-

larity and no injury from the power which it knows how to use, but not to abuse.

Few weekly journals muster such an exceptionally strong corps of writers as that which co-operates in the production of THE MIRROR each week. Genius, talent, experience and ability are combined in this distinguished force, together with a variety of manner and style that runs the whole gamut of taste. The extent of THE MIRROR's circulation and the solidity of its advertising patronage permit the employment of a galaxy of star writers and contributors such as no other theatrical newspaper in existence ever even dreamed of securing.

We are not selfish. It has always been a wish with THE MIRROR to liberally share the fruits of its prosperity with its readers. We have expended a good deal of energy and enterprise in the past ten years, it is true; but our stock of both is in no danger of being exhausted.

The next ten years will find THE MIRROR marching steadily forward.

And, it may not be out of place, before concluding this very generous, but we hope eminently excusable, notice of ourselves, to state that we shortly intend instituting sundry new and noteworthy departures that will give our multitude of friends and readers extra reason to congratulate themselves on the relationship.

To Correspondents.

Correspondents are notified that all letters for publication in THE MIRROR, for the weeks ending Dec. 29 and Jan. 5, must be mailed to reach this office not later than Monday morning Dec. 24 and Dec 31.

Personal.

MCCALL.—Lizzie McCall is in town again awaiting an engagement.

REMINGTON.—Earle Remington has joined the P. F. Baker company.

LYTTON.—Emily Lytton has been engaged by Edwin Thorne for the leading role in The Right Man.

BURNETT.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is said to be at work on a new play which will be ready for production next season.

FISKE.—A portrait of Harrison Grey Fiske, drawn by Baron De Grimm, forms a supplement to this number of THE MIRROR.

DUPRE.—William Gillette has re-engaged Minnie Dupree for next season. She will originate the leading character in his new play.

ADELL.—Helen Adell, who was obliged to close her tour in October owing to a severe illness, is now pronounced convalescent by her physician.

REED.—Roland Reed, who is taking a fortnight's rest, will reopen Christmas week with The Woman Hater. He has a date at the Grand Opera House in January.

MARETEK.—There is talk of a benefit performance in celebration of the approaching fiftieth anniversary of Max Maretzek's first appearance in public as a conductor of opera.

FULLER.—Loie Fuller has received a present from a friend in Ashland, Wis. It is a four months' old St. Bernard puppy, valued at \$1,000, and is a nephew of J. K. Emmet's Piliatimon.

AKERSTROM.—Ullie Akerstrom was banqueted one day last week by Swedish-American friends in Jamestown. Miss Akerstrom's fellow-countrymen take a lively interest in her stage career.

FAUNTLOYS.—The photographs of four Little Lord Fauntleroy are exhibited in Ritzmann's windows on Broadway. They are those of Elsie Leslie, Tommy Russell, Annie Hughes and Lucy Webbing, the two last named being the English exponents of the part.

JUNKERMANN.—Herr August Junkermann, the famous low Dutch (Platdeutsches) comedian, leaves Germany for this country on Wednesday next by the Aller. He is to appear at Amberg's Theatre on January 1, for one week, after which he will make a tour through the West.

COMSTOCK.—Among those who have joined the school of the Madison Square Theatre from the ranks of the profession are Nanette Comstock, a sister of Alexander Comstock, business manager of the Academy of Music. Miss Comstock acquitted herself with credit in the ingenue part in Kerry.

BERKLEY.—Olive Berkley is to recite before the Prince of Wales at the opening of the new Lyric Club, on Sunday next. The little American girl, who is not yet nine years old, is becoming a favorite in London drawing rooms. She is also to appear during the season as Editha, in Editha's Burglar, at the Globe, under Richard Mansfield's management.

AYRES.—Alfred Ayres will introduce one of his pupils—a young Western girl—at one of the theatres through the medium of an invitation matinee performance. The fourth act (Trial scene) of The Merchant of Venice will be given, Mr. Ayres appearing as Shylock and the debutante as Portia. Mr. Ayres will present the young lady, who has had no stage experience whatever, in the hope that she will acquit herself sufficiently well to prove that

"hearth-rug" instruction may be of some theatrical value.

COGSWELL.—The portrait on our first page is that of Catherine Cogswell, a young actress of fine promise. She has endeavored during two seasons past to conceal her identity as a prominent lady of Cincinnati society under the stage name of Katherine Kean. This was done for social reasons; but with success came also identification and so she will seek further fame on the stage under her real name. As an actress Miss Cogswell has shown devotion to her art, and being a highly cultured woman of great personal beauty, her advancement seems to be assured.

Miss Mathews' Washington Life.

Fanny Aymar Mathews, author of Washington Life, whose suit for \$50,000 damages against Messrs. Daniel Frohman, David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille is now on the calendar, was seen at her home in Dobbs' Ferry, N. Y., on Monday, by a MIRROR reporter. It will be remembered that the grounds for Miss Mathews' suit rest on her claim that the play of The Wife is an adaptation of her play, Washington Life. Some few weeks since, Miss Mathews allowed her play to be taken on the road. It remained out for but three days. Miss Mathews' account of the way in which the play was obtained from her will prove of interest.

"On Oct. 11," Miss Mathews began, "I received the following telegram:

New York, Oct. 11, 1888.
Miss Fanny Aymar Mathews, care Daniel A. Mathews:
Desire to see you at once for production of your Washington society comedy. Wire if you can call tomorrow with the play.
F. S. MORDAUNT,
Manager Elks Hall,
No. 1193 Broadway.

"Mr. Mordaunt's subscribing himself the manager of Miss Elks at once impressed me," Miss Mathews continued, "and on the day following the receipt of the telegram I visited him at his office. I was accompanied by my father. Mr. Mordaunt began a hasty draft of a bill of the play after this fashion: 'Washington Life, or The Wife.'

"I instantly told him that I would permit nothing of the kind, that I had no desire to appropriate the title of Sheridan Knowles' play, and should permit no sub title on any account whatever. He was enthusiastic regarding the play, made all kinds of promises as to company, printing, costumes, theatres and advertising. I told him I would consider the matter under advice of my counsel. The second interview occurred at my home. In the interim, it had been suggested to me that Mr. Mordaunt was acting for the Lyceum Theatre. For that reason, in the midst of Mr. Mordaunt's solicitations to let him have the play, I hesitated, looked at him, and said:

"Why, I don't know you. Who are you, or where may you come from?"
He replied with a calm smile:

"You think I might be an emissary of Frohman's, don't you?"
"Frankly, yes, I do!" I answered.

"Well," he said, "all I have got to say is, I'm not." He continued: "Why, I met Frohman the other day and I told him that I was going to take out Washington Life if I could get it, and he replied, 'If you do, I'll write to every manager in the United States, and tell them Washington Life is a plagiarism from The Wife.'

"This struck me as very funny in view of Mr. Frohman's assertion that there was no similarity whatever between the two plays.

"To make a long story short, Mr. Mordaunt kept on urging me to let him have the play, and my counsel, John D. Townsend, as persistently objected. Mr. Mordaunt assured me, in the presence of my counsel, that he had \$4,000 ready to put into the production of my play, and on one occasion he said:

"I expect to make \$10,000 out of Washington Life this season or I would not undertake it."

"At last I determined on my own responsibility to risk the thing and, against the advice of my counsel, a contract was signed in Mr. Townsend's office by Mr. Mordaunt and myself on Friday, Nov. 2, in the presence of Albert Martinez, S. W. Lynch and Sara E. Mathews."

Miss Mathews then gave a detailed story how the company had gone out to Pawtucket where they opened on Thanksgiving night without scenery, properties, music, or any of the accessories that had been promised. How the company had desired to play the Thanksgiving Day matinee, but how Mr. Mordaunt had also objected to this, saying that it would kill the night performance, and how after all this apparently earnest effort to kill the company they had made an artistic success in spite of it all, and would have been able to go on if it were not for the lack of funds confidently expected from Mr. Mordaunt, the manager, but which never came.

"At my suggestion," continued Miss Mathews, "my attorney sent for Mr. Mordaunt requesting his presence."

Mordaunt came and was confronted by the author of Washington Life, her father, her attorney, her leading lady, her acting manager and her stage director. He was ghastly in appearance and seemed to be overwhelmed.

Mr. Mordaunt made a confession to the effect that he had been approached by some person on a newspaper who said that if he would take the company out on the road and strand it and make an affidavit that my play in no way resembled The Wife and was a failure, he could get the lithographing of their paper and probably that of the Lyceum Theatre. He added that the party also said that he was not authorized to say that to him but that he felt that he could make such promise. This confession was corroborated by the following letter:

Dec. 4, 1888.

Mr. John D. Townsend:
DEAR SIR: I think it due to your client to inform you of a correspondence that occurred between Mr. Leander Richardson, editor of the ———, and myself. Mr. Richardson told me he thought that I was making a damned fool out of myself by having anything to do with Washington Life, as I was sure of making an enemy of the Frohmans by it, and if I dropped the affair he knew of somebody who could influence them to give me considerably more than the Frohmans, and that if I made an affidavit to the effect that there was no similarity in Washington Life to The Wife it would undoubtedly benefit me more than I could gain by producing Washington Life. I give this to you to be used in any way you may see fit, and I have written this because I think it is just that your client should be on her guard. The members of the company in the production of Washington Life all reported to me upon their return to the city that the play of Washington Life was a great success. The company came home on account of not sufficient capital to produce it as a play of such excellence should be produced. The press, wherever produced, was in favor of the play.
Yours sincerely, FRED. S. MORDAUNT.

"Almost every time I saw Mr. Mordaunt he said: 'Frohman is doing and will do all he

can against us.' He therefore requested me to sign 150 type-written copies of the following letter, which I did, and which he professed to have sent to 150 different managers in the United States. He told me that he had letters from several provincial managers stating that they were afraid to give dates, owing to the Lyceum Theatre, and stated that he would hand these letters to my attorney:

DEAR MR. MORDAUNT:
Yes; Washington Life is the play from which I claim The Wife was plagiarized, and I have brought a suit, which is now pending in the Supreme Court in the City of New York to prove such claim. Yours, etc., FANNIE AYMAR MATHIEWS.

This letter appeared thereafter on all programmes, posters, etc.

For the purpose of learning what the manager who had, by inference, been charged by Miss Mathews with the premeditated wrecking of the company had to say about it, the reporter called on Daniel Frohman, at his office in the Lyceum Theatre. The manager listened attentively to a brief resume of the principal facts contained in Miss Mathews' interview, and then said:

"I followed with some amusement the short career of Miss Mathews' Washington Life, and was not surprised that the play failed on its own merits. This, I judge, from the newspaper criticisms on the play, one of which contained the following:

It reminds one of The Wife, because it is so different, and that when the curtain fell the audience wondered what the actors had been talking about.

"Knowing the play myself I foresaw that this would be the result. As to the barefaced and ridiculous assumption that I connived or engineered the downfall of Miss Mathews' play, I can only say that it is absolutely untrue. I never conferred with a living soul on any question affecting the career of the company, nor did I take any practical interest whatever beyond what I state. I never wrote, spoke to, or saw any newspaper man, nor authorized anybody to take any step in this ridiculous affair. All my interest in the matter lies in the courts, but you may rest assured that I shall do my utmost to prevent the play from obtaining dates from managers on the plea made by the manager of that company, that it is the same play as The Wife. I shall see that the public and out-of-town managers are not deceived by this unseemable fraud. My lawyer is the only person whom I have drawn into the matter. Washington Life can never succeed, and it requires no attention from me beyond what I have indicated. I reiterate my opinion that the authoress is still out of her mind."

"Have you not shown an unusual interest in the fate of the play by sending derogatory information concerning it to the newspapers?" asked the reporter.

"I have sent none except a copy of a criticism of the play to THE MIRROR, which was the first public evidence of the deception. I have had many letters from managers who ask me whether they shall book Washington Life as they had been applied for dates. I replied in every case, Yes, if they did not book it as the Lyceum play, but simply on its own merits."

"You may say for me, in conclusion, that I never saw Mr. Mordaunt, and don't know him; have no recollection of him whatsoever, except that I had a letter from him last Winter, in which he said that some parties had applied to him to get out lithographs of a play they proposed to call The Wife, and that if I objected he would not do so. Naturally I wrote that I did not approve of it, and thanked him for his courtesy. That is all I know of him."

In the Courts.

SUIT FOR BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S HEIRS.
A. M. Palmer's suit, as receiver of the estate of Bartley Campbell, against Manager J. Wesley Rosenquest and the executors of the late Samuel Colville, which is brought for the purpose of requiring the manager to give an accounting of the proceeds of the Fourteenth Street Theatre since he has had charge of it, and for the ultimate recovery of the property for the benefit of the widow and heirs of the playwright, was up before Judge Ingraham in Supreme Court Special Term the other day upon a demurrer interposed by the defendants to the complaint upon the ground that it did not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action. Bartley Campbell obtained a lease of the theatre in April, 1885, which does not expire until Sept. 1, 1889.

Judge Ingraham reserved his decision.

STANLEY MCKENNA LOSES HIS SUIT.

William Gillette, the author of Held by the Enemy, may continue the production of that interesting armless sleeve scene and dialogue which has been so attractive to the public, as Judge Lawrence in Supreme Court Chambers on last Monday denied Stanley McKenna's application for an injunction to restrain the further representation of this feature of the play.

THE THALIA CASE COMPROMISED.
A compromise has been effected which puts an end for the present at least, to the litigation over the possession of the Thalia Theatre. A satisfactory agreement has been reached by which Manager Jacobs remains in possession of the theatre, and will probably continue so until the end of the season.

A LONG CASE STILL UNSETTLED.

The litigation which has been going on for several years between Theodora de Gillert, the premiere danseuse, the star in The Seven Ravens, and managers Poole and Gilmore, is still unsettled.

MARIE GEISFINGER WINS.

Marie Geisfinger obtained a judgment last May in the Superior Court for \$9,960.84 against Gustav Amberg in a suit for breach of contract and salary due. The appellate court has given a decision dismissing an appeal taken by Manager Amberg and affirming the judgment.

HATTIE GRINNELL'S VERDICT APPEALED.

Manager Imre Kiralfy has taken an appeal to the general term of the Supreme Court from the judgment entered upon the verdict of \$360 obtained against him several weeks ago by Hattie Grinnell, the soubrette who appeared in Mazum and was dismissed. It will be some months before the appeal can be disposed of.

Col. Sinn's New Theatre Project.

A new theatre, to be known as Col. Sinn's Montauk Theatre, is to be erected by a Brooklyn syndicate, of which Col. W. E. Sinn and Walter Sinn are the most prominent members. The new house will, it is said, be located on Fulton Street, at no very great distance from the City Hall, and will cost for the ground, which has already been purchased, and building, in the neighborhood of \$230,000. Possession of the property will be obtained on

May 1 next, and it is thought that the theatre will be ready for occupancy in October, 1890.

The new house will occupy a site 100 feet wide by 105 feet deep. The auditorium will be the size of Palmer's. All the modern inventions and conveniences will be used. The girders and staircases will be of iron, the decorations will be of an artistic nature, and the stage, which will be thirty eight feet deep, will be built in sections so that it can be raised or lowered to any height or depth desired.

Struck Gas Not Disbanded.

The report that the Struck Gas company had disbanded is indignantly denied by Harry Pepper, who arrived in the city on Friday last from Louisville.

"There is not one iota of truth in the story," said Mr. Pepper. "The company is Charles H. Watkins—not mine—and the fact that I left it does not alter its existence in any way. I was simply a member of the company, which is doing as well through the South as can be expected of a new company and a new star."

An Immense Hit.

THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR appeared on the newsstands last Saturday and it scored the biggest sort of a success. To say that it made an instantaneous hit would be an inadequate description of the unprecedented rapidity of its sale and the unbounded favor of its reception.

The following letter from our general agents The American News Company briefly tells the story.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
39 AND 41 CHAMBERS ST.,
NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1888.

Mr. H. G. Fiske:
DEAR SIR: We are sorry to learn that you are unable to supply us immediately with additional copies of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

The first edition—although very much in excess of our original order—was disposed of almost as soon as published. We could sell several thousand copies more were you to furnish them.

Yours truly,
The American News Company.

The sales out of town have been equally great, as dispatches from Boston, Philadelphia and other points indicate.

Following are a few letters and congratulations selected at random from the many we have already received:

BOSTON, Dec. 11, 1888.
Express me fifty CHRISTMAS MIRRORS, C. O. D. None left in Boston. A. K. LOBBING, Bookseller, 45 Broadfield Street.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 11, 1888.
The CHRISTMAS MIRROR has just reached me. It is most artistic and reflects the greatest credit not only on its proprietor but on all those who have assisted in its production. Each year finds THE MIRROR more firmly established as the organ of our profession, and all true lovers of the drama should feel a personal gratification in the fact that the dignity of our art is so worthily represented by THE MIRROR. FREDERICK PAULDING.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Dec. 10, 1888.
It is midnight and I have just received my copies of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR and have hurriedly scanned one of them in the post-office corridor. I can't wait to reach home before congratulating you. 'Apples of gold in pictures of silver!' That was my ejaculation upon laying down the paper. It was tinged with one regret. Can the dear old MIRROR ever surpass it! Won't comparison with '88 always be odious? It will be the ambition of my life to some time bring out a like number. That front page—why, I can almost hear the ripple of the meadow-brook behind the wall! If you only knew how seldom I praise anything, except in a lukewarm way this would have double weight with you. You will have many letters of congratulation but none from a pen more sincere than that of

HARRY C. SMITH.
356 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, Dec. 7, 1888.

Typographically and artistically the CHRISTMAS MIRROR is a success, and far more beautiful than any of its predecessors, and compares well with the illustrated English and French papers.

E. GUERNSEY, M. D.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1888.
Just received the CHRISTMAS MIRROR—the last copy in town. The entire company are standing in line waiting their turn to read it. The general verdict: It's better than ever.

GEORGE H. ADAMS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1888.
Enclosed please find our cheque in payment for our advertisement in the CHRISTMAS MIRROR. We send it thus promptly to keep in line with the dispatch shown by you in the issue of your paper, and we desire to extend to you our congratulations upon its elegance and positive success. Please convey, also, our kindest regards to the Editor and the MIRROR staff generally.

KLAW AND ERLANGER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1888.

Having read the CHRISTMAS MIRROR I wish to congratulate you on its success. It even surpasses last year's number, which was hard to beat. I extend my wishes to the editor and the greatest dramatic paper published, for a merry Christmas.

OSCAR EAGLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1888.

This year's CHRISTMAS MIRROR I think is the best yet.

MRS. E. L. MAUDE.

The Christmas Number is lovely.—LAW DOCK-STEADEN.

The best thing ever gotten out. I consider the literary matter also the best you have yet presented. The editor deserves great credit for having been the pioneer of holiday numbers in this country.—MART HANLEY.

It is great. The best thing ever published by a dramatic journal, and a credit to the American stage.—W. A. EDWARDS, manager for H. R. Jacobs.

A credit to your paper, a pillar to your energy, a monument to your good taste. It is the acme of holiday annuals.—C. R. GARDINER.

The Christmas Number is a triumphal march from year to year. Curiosity will be piqued next season to see how you can surpass this.—SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

Handsomely illustrated, interesting throughout and far ahead of every other American holiday publication.—NYM CRINKLE.

The CHRISTMAS MIRROR is the prettiest thing of the kind I believe that was ever published. It contains some capital matter, and is a credit to all concerned.—J. M. HILL.

It is a work of art, and compares favorably with the European papers of the same nature. It is highly creditable in all respects.—TONY PASTOR.

It is a beautiful paper. I intend to have the supplement framed.—MRS. E. L. FERNANDEZ.

It is a credit to American journalism. It is beautiful, both in illustrations and letterpress. It is most entertaining, and the four hours that I spent in reading it were filled with genuine enjoyment. I shall have the supplement framed and hung up in the theatre.—HARRY SANDERSON.

The Usher.



Mind him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

A smooth-faced, clerical looking man appeared before the mourners and friends that were gathered about the open grave of Alice Hastings at the Odd Fellows' cemetery, in Philadelphia, the other day. He read the Episcopal burial service impressively, and at its close delivered a touching address that vibrated with tender feeling.

"Who is the clergyman?" many asked. They were surprised to learn that it wasn't a clergyman at all, but an actor—Fred. Warde, who, as a friend of the dead woman, performed these last offices.

The incident is not without precedent. Every one that was present at John McCullough's obsequies remembers the beautiful and appreciative tribute spoken over his coffin by Harry Edwards.

I regret to hear, by the way, that Steele Mackaye, in the course of his eulogy at the unveiling of the McCullough monument, had the rank bad taste to incorporate in it an insulting allusion to Edwin Booth.

Because Mr. Mackaye dislikes Mr. Booth it does not follow that he should permit his feelings to lead him to such a ghastly point on such an occasion.

But the reference was not only out of place—it was a distortion of fact, based on the oft-misquoted and maliciously misconstrued letter which Mr. Booth years ago wrote to a church paper, whose editor had asked for his honest opinion on the moral atmosphere of the theatre at that time.

Just then burlesque was rife and the adulterous French drama rampant. Referring to these facts Mr. Booth merely said that before taking his daughter to see a new play he should certainly witness it first himself as a precautionary measure.

Pray what was there in that to justify Mr. Mackaye's perversion of a portion of the eulogy of a dead tragedian into an assault upon a living one?

If an outbreak of ferocity occurs here and there in this number of THE MIRROR Mr. John A. Stevens is solely to blame for it. The other day the better half of an immense bear's carcass reached this office from Savannah with Mr. Stevens' compliments, and the staff have been masticating bruin in every style known to culinary art. Bear steaks, cutlets, chops, roasts, stews and pies have lent barbaric magnificence to their menus for several days. I am informed by Mr. Stevens' manager that the beast was killed by the actor under most thrilling circumstances, "full particulars will be forwarded from Atlanta in a few days," and that The Mask of Life has been playing to crowded houses with universal praises from the press. Having disposed of some portion of His Bear-lets I shall await the receipt of the thrilling particulars with intense curiosity.

Three or four of the contributors announced for the CHRISTMAS MIRROR are missing from its pages, for various reasons. One or two stories had to be omitted on account of their length, others reached here too late for insertion. I wish I could have found space for all the clever unpublicized contributions that the limits of space forbade using.

Mrs. James Brown Potter sent a courteous explanation of her inability to make good her promise to write in the following words:

I had fully intended writing for you but I have been so crowded with work and that I actually have not had the time to sit down and think out and execute something which should be worthy of your Christmas Number. The first chance I get, however, I shall send you an article on a subject I have in mind, to use any time you desire between now and the Christmas twelfth-month. Yours sincerely, CORA UNQUARTY POTTER.

I am sure that MIRROR readers will await Mrs. Potter's production with interest and lively curiosity.

John Stetson attended church the other day. The clergyman took his text from "The wages of sin."

Mr. Stetson waited until the services were finished and then sought out the minister to ask what he would charge to take his text the following Sunday from The Still Alarm.

Actors' Fund Jottings.

The Board of Trustees held their regular monthly meeting on Thursday last. There were present: President A. M. Palmer, Second Vice President William Henderson, Treasurer T. H. French, Secretary Harrison Grey, First Vice President Louis Aldrich, Antonio Pastor, E. G. Gilmore, Edwin Knowles, M. W. Hanley, M. H. Mallory and Harry Watkins. The Secretary's report showed that during the month of November there had been expended for relief, funerals and necessary expenses the sum of \$1,457.45. At Hayman, of San Francisco, and C. E. Blanchett, of Detroit, were appointed corresponding secretaries from their respective cities. The reading-room committee reported that during the month of November 11,608 visits had been made to the room by professionals, an average of 446 a day. Chairman Aldrich of the membership committee reported that up to date 678 members had paid their dues for the current year, and that there had been received for life memberships the sum of \$200. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to all who had taken part in the Actors' Fund Benefit at the Broadway Theatre on Nov. 16. Mr. Aldrich, chairman of the dramatic bureau committee reported the affairs of the bureau to be in a highly satisfactory condition. The quarterly report of Dr. Robert Taylor, physician-in-chief, was read and approved. The Board of Trustees then adjourned to meet again on Thursday, Jan. 3.

Danman Thompson and Sidney Woollett have qualified as life members. Three thousand and twenty-nine visits were made to the room by professionals during the week ending Dec. 8, an average of five hundred and five a day. John Sutherland, of the Little Lord Fauntleroy company, sent a number of books to the Assistant Secretary to be distributed among the sick.

Alexander Salvini, Louis Masson, C. P. Flockton, Harry Hilday, Maud Harrison, Katherine Rogers, Nannie Coddard, Kate Miley and Little Gerlie Homan comprise the Parnis company which opens its season under Mr. Palmer's management in St. Louis next week.

Telegraphic News.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

THE STOWAWAY SCORES IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—The Stowaway opened on Sunday night to the largest house ever in the Haymarket. Play and company an instantaneous success.

WILL J. DAVIS.

ESTELLE CLAYTON CLOSSES.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Dec. 10.—Estelle Clayton, billed for Friday, has cancelled all Texas engagements on account of illness, and started for New York. WASH.

NEW THEATRE FOR THE MONTANA CIRCUIT.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 11.—The new Opera House at Butte City will open on Christmas. I shall be at the Gilsey House, New York, on Thursday and for several days following.

JOHN MAGUIRE.

SHE IN THE SOUTH.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 11.—Webster-Brady's She company opened at the Grand Opera House on Sunday in a pouring rain to the second largest house of the season—\$1,100. Company good; scenery and mechanical effects grand.

HENRY GREENWALL.

STRANDED.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Dec. 11.—The Nels Compton and Nellie Free company has stranded here.

G. G. TAYLOR.

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—Walter Standish died here at 10:30 this morning of heart trouble. J. GORDON EDWARDS. [Walter Standish was about forty years of age at the time of his death. He had played leading and character parts with success in the management of the author of the version of Theodora in which Phosha McAllister has been playing this season.]

CHARLES M'MANUS DIES SUDDENLY.

BIG RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 11.—Charles McManus of our company was found dead in his bed at six o'clock to-night. The remains will be sent to Philadelphia.

J. J. COLEMAN, Manager Rhea.

[Mr. McManus was about sixty years of age. His line was first old men. He was with Rhea the first season that he played under A. B. Chase's management. For two seasons he was leading man at the Philadelphia Museum, under B. A. Baker. He was a native of that city, his family residing there at present. Mr. McManus was always connected with first-class companies and commanded a good salary. He was highly esteemed for his sterling qualities.]

DEATH OF A COMEDIAN.

CLARKSVILLE, Mo., Dec. 10.—O. W. Blake died here to-day. His age was fifty-six.

C. J. BLAKE.

[O. W. Blake was a comedian. He was formerly the husband of the lady who now Mrs. Charles Richardson. At one time he played Touchstone and similar characters with Fanny Davenport. He was an actor of considerable ability in his line.]

Professional Doings.

—Dan Collyer, the comedian, is at liberty after Jan. 5. —Vernona Jarbeau played to \$1,450 at Indianapolis on Thanksgiving Day.

—Harry Pepper, whose reputation as a ballad singer is well-known, is at liberty.

—J. E. Brooks' American Comedy company is playing Uncle Josh in England.

—Daniel Kelly, character comedian of the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, is in town.

—The Noble Street Theatre at Ansonia, Ala., has open time in January and February.

—Frank Perley has been engaged by Lew Dockstader to arrange the tour of the minstrels this summer.

—Lea Jarvis has replaced Annie Williams and Ella Salisbury has been engaged for the part of Lillian Rufus in A Grass Widow.

—Harry Perry is doing a number of handsome scenic sets for William Morris' company, which will shortly start on its South American tour.

—Manager P. Harris, of Baltimore, has placed his Louisville theatre in his circuit to book in conjunction with his Washington house at prices ranging from fifteen cents to one dollar.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Owen O'Connor, who are about to make their sixth annual tour in their new and original tragedy Caisus Marius purchased from John McCullough, are in want of a manager and backer.

—Harry M. Clark has relinquished the business management of the Kate Purcell company, and returned to New York to take the management of an important amusement enterprise that takes the road on Jan. 14.

—Harry C. Clark has made a bit in Vernona Jarbeau's company, which he joined the other day. He was offered a three years' contract after his first week, but declined it, as he does not favor long engagements with one company.

—Letters from Harry Watcham, of Frank Daniel's Little Puck company, state that the play has scored the greatest comedy success of the season in San Francisco, where it was produced on Monday night of last week. People were turned away at the opening.

—A. F. Bradley has resigned from Her Husband company and accepted his old position as agent for Kate Castleton, who is a popular road star and a pleasant attraction to the revival of her old song "For Goodness' Sake" has met with remarkable success.

—Manager Harris will hereafter give professional matinees every Thursday during the season. Members of the various companies playing in Baltimore will be invited to these matinees. The first will take place on the 10th inst., when Clara Morris plays Renee de Moray.

—Richardson and Foss, the theatrical printers and engravers, of No. 114 Fourth Avenue, have recently added stock printing to their business. Dr. Jessell and Mr. Hyde and the other standard plays, together with a large variety of pantomime, comic and burlesque opera work, to their collection.

—Mrs. B. Macaulay, the mother of John T. Macaulay, of Macaulay's Theatre, died at Louisville on Sunday last of heart disease. She was seventy-two years of age. The body will be shipped to Buffalo for interment. Mrs. Macaulay was the mother of the late Barney Macaulay and of Mrs. Charles R. Pope.

—T. H. Winnett says that the manager of Kerr's Opera House, Hastings, Neb., failed to keep his part of a contract for the appearance of Charles E. Verner. He failed to furnish an orchestra and played Havreley's Minstrels the night previous, in spite of an agreement that the house should be closed for five nights previous to the Verner date.

—"Business at the Lyceum is simply booming," said Treasurer Bunce in conversation with a MIRROR representative. "We have not had a vacant seat in the house at any performance since the opening day in August, and as many people as were in have been turned away. This speaks in very emphatic terms of the popularity of Sweet Lavender and Lord Cumley. We had the same experience with The Widow, when we were forced to give extra matinees of that play."

E. A. McDowell has secured from Frank W. Sanger the right to produce Mr. Barnes of New York in Canada. Mr. McDowell is negotiating with Emily Rigg to appear in her original part, Maria, and if she accepts she will be starred in the piece. The company is now being organized and will open on Christmas Day in London, Ont. Mr. McDowell is also routing Percy Hunting in Dr. Jessell and Mr. Hyde for the Dominion of Canada.

—Manager Harris, of Baltimore, has established branch offices for the sale of tickets in every town within twenty miles of that city. Thus far fifteen places have been opened with telephone connection, and arrangements are being perfected by which people living at a distance will be given railroad and street car tickets at reduced rates. Where the street car facilities are convenient, a round-trip ticket will be presented to every purchaser of a ticket of admission to the Academy of Music.

—The Webster-Brady company, now on its sixtieth consecutive week in William A. Brady's dramatic version of Rider Haggard's She, is reported to have played to good business during the whole of this continuous season. The company numbers forty people. A troupe of Zulu war dancers, headed by Mlle. René, is a feature of the entertainment, which is said to have the most correct and finest landscapes of Africa ever introduced on the stage. The mechanical effects are of the most ingenious kind. The Chicago press has pronounced this play the best version of the fascinating and weird story extant. The company will play a return engagement in Texas, opening in Galveston on Christmas Day. Applications for open time will be received by Fred A. Hodgson, business manager, on tour.

—On January 3 Dion Boucicault will sell the acting copyright in the following plays at auction: The Shanghaun, Formosa, Hanted Down, Led Astray, After Dark, Jennie Deane, Lost at Sea, The Colleen Bawn, Arrah-na-Pogue, Forbidden Fruit, Flying Scud, Jessie Brown, Fool Play, and Elsie. All of these, with the exception of Led Astray, are in manuscript. London Assurance and Old Heads and Young Hearts

are not included in the list, because they were published in England, and are therefore not subject to American copyright.

—The He, She, Him and Her company, with the popular eccentric comedian, George H. Adams, is the principal part, will be seen at the People's next Monday night. According to out-of-town press notices the piece is funny without being broad, and is crammed with popular music. The pantomimic fun provided by Mr. Adams is described as original and irresistible. It is claimed that without coarse or vulgar devices the entertainment is as comic as the wild horseplay absurdities now in vogue. The company is large and is said to contain many good singers.

—Christian H. Farnham, residing at No. 167 Third Street, Albany, N. Y., desires information regarding John V. Meltoir, who was with James O'Neill's Monte Cristo company some time ago. Mr. Farnham and Mr. Meltoir served in Co. K, 10th regiment, N. Y. V., during the late war. Mr. Meltoir being then known as Sergeant John V. Seggie. Mr. Farnham made application for a pension some years ago and he writes that he only needs the testimony of his old comrade, Sergeant Seggie, to make his claim successful, as he incurred severe disabilities in the service of his country. Any communications as to the whereabouts of the professional mentioned will be received by THE MIRROR.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

The following letters will be delivered or forwarded on personal or written application to the Editor of THE MIRROR for 30 days and uncalled for will be returned to the post-office. Circulars and newspapers excluded from this list:

Anderson, Hattie	Mastayer, W.
Ayling, Herbert	Meakin, Charles
Alexander, Wilkins	Melville, Charles
Alberte, C.	Morrissey, J. W.
Aborn, Sargent	Morris, Wm.
Acell, Florida	Morrow, Horace
Addison, Grace	Murphy, Walter
Abbott, Op. co.	Murdoch, Lelia
American Op. co.	McCann, John
Allen, George E.	Mills, Geo. C.
Atwood, C. T.	McCormack, London
Abbott, George H.	Murphy, Jos.
Beach, W. G.	Morris, James A.
Barry, J. W.	Misco, T. E.
Barnett, George	Mitchell, Maggie
Bartler, J. J.	Mortland, Anna
Burbeck, Frank	McDowell, A.
Barnard, Russell	McDowell, J. V.
Barnard, Fannie G.	Meltoir, J. V.
Bland, Lionel	Martin, Helen
Barton, James	My Partner Co. (S. M.)
Brook, G. S.	Marble, Scott
Bury, C. E.	Mills, T. E.
Bloodgood, Harry	Moss, Walter
Barry, Matt. L.	Mayo, Frank
Baxter, Frank	Metz, T. A.
Bronner, Gusie	Norton, J. W.
Biumberg, Mark	Nichols, Arthur
Brennan, M.	Owen, W. F.
Brandon, Olga	Osgood, Wm.
Brandman, D. E.	On the Thames (mgr.)
Brien, J. F.	O'Neil, T. H.
Bauer, A.	Osborne, Rose
Clapham, Harry	Owens, Edgar
Clifton, J. D.	Paulin, Louise
Clifford, Blanche	Perlet, Hermann
Cook, Fred. E.	Perkins, Walter E.
Clifton, George	Painter, J. R.
Crane, W. H.	Robson, Stuart
Crossell, Allan	Robinson, Billie
Colby, H. M.	Rodgers, Allan
Claire, Harry	Randall, Addie
Cooper, George S.	Russell, Harold
Crow, E. J.	Russell, John
Clitherow Storey, Flora	Richards, I. S.
Capri, Alma	Rollinson, Frank
Coe, Isabella	Rhea, Mlle.
Chester, C.	Rising, W. S.
Claire, Marion	Richmond, Stuart
Cone, S.	Ray, Florence
Carter, Carrie	Robson, S.
Ellier, Ben	Ravenscroft, Filt
Combs, Jane	Rice and Shepard
Coker, James V.	Simpson, Eugene
Carlyle, Marie	Serrano, T. K.
Cleaves, W. F.	Seymour, Elsie
Constance, Beatrice	Saulter, Charles
Conway, Lillian	Stevenson, C. A.
Crowell, Florence	Sanford, F. S.
Cushman, Sidney	Snoke, E. G.
Digges, D. L.	Schroeder, Helen
Duna, Ed.	Sera, Ben
Danbar, Erroll	Sullivan, F.
Debar, Blanche	Sargent, H. J.
Dempsey, Louise	Siddons, F. S.
Dockstader, C. R.	Steiner, Emma
Doud, Frank	Sprague, D. T.
Deusing, W. J.	Sands, W. A.
De Lussan, Zelle	De Schmidt, Louis
Davenport, E. L.	De Bar, Blanche
Emmet, J. C.	Dempsey, Louise
Ellier, John A.	Dockstader, C. R.
Eagan, Louis	Doud, Frank
Ferguson, Ida	Deusing, W. J.
Fountainbleau, Leona	De Lussan, Zelle
Fields, G.	Davenport, E. L.
Farron, T. J.	Emmet, J. C.
Faucett, Owen	Ellier, John A.
Foss, T. H.	Eagan, Louis
Florence, L.	Ferguson, Ida
Gray, Alice	Fountainbleau, Leona
Gray, Jennie	Fields, G.
Gorman, J. F.	Farron, T. J.
Granger, G. M.	Faucett, Owen
Hanchett U.	Foss, T. H.
Hallen, Fred.	Florence, L.
Hensley, E. J.	Gray, Alice
Herbert, Charles	Gray, Jennie
Hickley, Emma	Gorman, J. F.
Hayden, W.	Granger, G. M.
Harris, W. F.	Hanchett U.
Harrison, Lulu	Hallen, Fred.
Hobby, Frank	Hensley, E. J.
Harly, Frank	Herbert, Charles
Holmes, John	Hickley, Emma
Johns, Bacter	Hayden, W.
Joyce, Laura	Harris, W. F.
Johnson, C.	Harrison, Lulu
Kingsley, Dot	Hobby, Frank
Kellar, Prof.	Harly, Frank
Kellogg, Op. co.	Holmes, John
Leacock, G. F.	Johns, Bacter
Lachy, G.	Joyce, Laura
Leigh, Helen	Johnson, C.
Le Moyne, Dolly	Kingsley, Dot
Madison, Mathilde	Kellar, Prof.

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HOWARD'S TALK.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM DISCUSSED FROM HOWARD'S POINT OF VIEW—THE CONDITIONS WHICH, HE ASSERTS, INFLUENCE NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER MEN—THE SCHEME OF BOX OFFICE PRELIMINARY WORK—FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Mankind is nothing if not critical, and yet we are constantly told that there are no critics nowadays. According to Webster, a critic is one skilled in judging of the merits of literary works, or productions of art, especially in fine arts. According to Disraeli, critics are men who have failed in literature and art. With the progress of journalism, substantial wealth, enabling the connoisseurs of our great newspapers to provide their staffs with experts in all departments of literature, the employment of critics came about. Men are paid to attend dramatic and lyric representations, to visit art galleries and to express honest judgments upon the outcomings in these various lines.

That is, they should be engaged to express honest judgments. Are they so engaged, and if so are their expressed judgments their honest conviction? It is so easy to run into personalities in discussions of this sort, and our writings are so generally looked at from the personal point of view, that I would like to say, right here, that I never consciously write good or ill of man or woman from personal motive. I like others, pay compliments often, but I have yet to pay a compliment that had not at least its base of substantiality in fact.

How absurd it would be to call a horse a tree, a monkey a man, a caricature a portrait, hideousness beautiful, fragility sturdy! The reader's common sense would quickly detect the fraud, so that even from the political point of view such course would appear idiotic, and therefore to be avoided. So in a discussion of this nature it would be the very height of folly for a writer to allow his personal prejudices, pro or con, to affect his expressions of opinion.

Now as to our critics? There is a widespread belief that favorable criticism can be purchased, and that unfavorable criticism is often given because the writer has a feeling of hostility against the author, the manager, or the actor of a play. It will at once be recognized that criticism in its best sense means an honest expression of opinion. The world speaks of a man as critical, using the word with a lower meaning than that which best suits it. You say "I dislike to be in such and such a man's company, he is so critical," meaning he is acrimonious, blither, sharp-tongued, that he likes to find fault. A critic should be as ready to see the good as the bad.

But, using the term in its popular significance, I recur to the widespread belief that favorable notice can be purchased from the critics of the American press. As a matter of fact, I know of but two men in New York daily journalism who can be called critics, in the best sense of the term, and those two are so affected by their friendliness for certain people upon the stage, that their writing concerning them and their efforts not only carries no weight whatever, but prejudices readers against their judgment of other people and their endeavors.

There are many bright men on the New York press. A few of them are professional critics. Four of them, at the outside estimate, are competent critics. But two of them are able to read plays in French, and but one of them can read plays or writings about plays in French and German. When you remember the vast storages of dramatic wit and wisdom to be found in French and German literature, further comment upon that extraordinary fact will not be needed. An author presents a play. Intelligent members of his company know perfectly well that it is either stolen bodily, or adapted, as the slang phrase has it, from a French or German source. With what degree of respect can he regard the critic of a first class New York daily who, ignorant of the source of the play, compliments the alleged "author" for work which is, if not stolen, at least semi-stolen? So dense is the lack of information in the mind of the ordinary newspaper writer, as to the drama, or kindred artistic lines, that many of our greatest journals hesitate to employ men whose sole duty shall be that of criticism, but prefer rather to delegate this, that or the other man on this, that or the other occasion, varying the routine of his duty.

The New York Herald has no dramatic critic, for instance. One day it sends this man, the next that man, and so on, and as all have observed it is no part of the Herald's policy to give instructive critical attention to efforts either upon the dramatic or the lyric stage. They prefer to regard these as social events, so that oftentimes in a column article upon the production of a new play or a new opera, two-thirds of the space will be occupied by a list of names, indicating people who were present, making a very interesting dish of gossip, in which there is no pretence of instruction or information or guidance as to the merits or demerits of the work upon the boards. I instance the New York Herald because there is no person there to whom my remarks can be applied as individual. It would be impossible to enter any other newspaper office, and speak of it and its habit without breeding suspicion, at least, of motive friendly or unfriendly, which I expressly disclaim.

It is the box office cat. Within the past five years a habit has grown, until to day it absolutely dominates the situation, by which the tone, the temper, of all the notices preceding a production is directed by the box office.

I believe Uncle Dan Frohman was the originator of the scheme. In any event his fertile mind early grasped the possibilities of the habit, and to-day every manager in the city follows it with profit to himself incalculable, even in money rates. The manager is about to launch a star. He employs a literary hack to write for him a continuity of paragraphs about the play, about the star, about incidents in the star's life, hitches in contracts, delays in production, monumental outlays for costume, a thousand things which will occur at once to the mind of the lay reader. These are duplicated, and sent not only to every paper in this city, but throughout the country. The consequence is that in the columns devoted to dramatic and lyric gossip in our great dailies paragraph after paragraph, identical in phraseology, concerning the star and the play and the manager appear. When a play is produced, the wise management has in type-written form, sometimes at the request of the writer, sometimes by reason of an alert appreciation of the wisdom of such a course, the plot, the story of the play, with some little

ingenious compliment here or there, which, being used eight times in every ten, accomplishes the desired purpose. From the box-office issue not only these marvelous aids in the formation of public opinion, but the advertisements themselves.

Now the advertisements are paid for. These notices are not, and it would amaze people, who are ignorant or careless in thinking about such matters, to know how great an effect an advertisement has, and how marvelous is the indifference felt toward institutions that do not advertise. I know newspapers pride themselves on their independence at times, but after all the advertising columns are what afford material aid and substantial encouragement. If it were not for the receipts from those sources it would be impossible to have the outgoes from their sources. If advertisers didn't pay, writers could not be met, and the great wheels of journalism would stop. Well established papers can afford to laugh at the withdrawal of an advertisement, but well established papers dislike extremely to have advertisements withdrawn for all that, so when a "critic" goes to write about a play, he often finds himself impressed, first, by the fact that he enters the house of a friend of his employer.

That's all right. A manager has a right to ask a friendly view. He has expended large sums of money in the purchase of a play, in its mounting, in its presentation, sometimes going as high as ten thousand dollars upon it before the curtain is first raised, and he has a right to say to the newspaper which he patronizes, and with which he is on friendly terms of interchange, "regard us favorably, please," rather, in other words, "don't come here with a club; don't take it for granted that a critic is necessarily a censor." In the second place he is handicapped, if he is at all a fair man, by the fact that an initial production, the first night of a play, is the very last to be looked at impartially.

Take the case of Harrigan's new play, Lorraine.

For reasons of his own he took off Waddy Googin of the very height of its success, and brought out his new play, Lorraine—which I am glad to see has made a hit, by the way—with such hasty desire, that he was compelled to rehearse his company every day and every night, running his Sunday night rehearsal down to the early hours of Monday morning, supplementing it by a rehearsal in the day time and a production at night, everybody tired, everybody nervous, everybody standing on the very head of physical weariness. One of the papers in this city ignores the first and the second representation and sends its critic to do the third night of a new play. The first performance is little better than a dress rehearsal, and it is not only unfair to the public, that writers should give an opinion based upon what, at the very best, is a good rehearsal, but especially unfair to the actors and to the management who until that time have had no judging opportunity.

As to purchased compliment, I have but one word.

There are dirty dogs in every profession. It isn't fair to judge all newspaper writers by the gaucheries of an occasional newspaper writer. A very long experience with my brothers of the press warrants my saying that while men very often allow their friendships to swerve somewhat their utterances from the very strictest line of judgments, it is the marked exception when they permit their prejudices against the manager and actor or a brother writer to influence them to malicious expression or an unfair expression of judgment. That there have been cases where writers have deliberately prostituted the columns of the journals which employed them for money is unfortunately too easily shown, but they are the exception, and I believe that managers and actors throughout the country will endorse my assertion that where there is one such uncanny exhibit, there are scores upon scores of honorable men who write concerning them, and their affairs, not to their liking, I dare say, but without the faintest suggestion of an approach to the hitherto verge of pecuniary prostitution.

There is very little "criticism."

First of all we have very few trained writers. It is a remarkable fact that the most successful newspaper men of our age are self-made men. There seems to be a degree of intense vigor, virility, stamina, in men who are compelled to face the world at an early day, and rise, if they rise at all, by their own inherent determination, that others who were born in more luxurious laps and better surroundings know nothing of. I insist that men cannot write about developments along the lines of art and science and especially the fine arts and the occult sciences, unless they are well read, thoroughly posted, and able, intelligently, to discuss, as well as impartially look at, the developments either upon the actual stage of life or the mimic stage of the theatre. As a rule, the young people sent to write, are confined to the physical proportions of a paragraph or a stickful, and they use the cant expressions which are as familiar to us as our fingers and our toes. Now and then some fertile mind displays itself, and so long as it gives evidence of impartiality, save that its judgment will be tinged by a recognition of honest effort, the effect produced will be legitimate and desirable; but if intellectualty is to be made subservient to friendship, still further, if it is to be made the slave of greenbacks, how contemptible in its fall, how useless, so far as desirable purpose and effect are concerned!

Then, too the constant comradeship between the capitalist who owns the theatre, and the capitalist who owns the newspapers, affects necessarily the work of the subordinate. A line from the manager to the publisher often secures something which the mind of the often between would reject, as unfair, to say the least. Good hearted men naturally hesitate to strike a blow which may interfere with the future of another. The potency of a newspaper in the hand of a writer is like the weight of a bludgeon in the hand of a stalwart. As a ruffian may strike you to the earth with a single blow, so a writer may destroy forever your prospects by a brutal and inconsiderate, a terrible assault. Kind hearted men hesitate often to express their honest judgment, and rude, heartless men cannot always express their malice because checked by the power behind the throne, by the box-office behind the counting-room. That they get their fine work in now and then could be easily shown.

Well? The result of all this is that there is plaguey little "criticism;" there is any quantity of gossip about people in the boxes and the people in the stalls; there is any quantity of little-tattle, run through the faucet of the theatre into the columns of the newspaper, about the personnel of the stage. There is an immensity of it that

about managers and actors and plays and houses of entertainment, but how often do you find a carefully written article upon a play good or bad?

A case in point. A new play was produced in a New York City theatre not long ago. The curtain fell on the last act at nearly midnight. The critic of a morning paper left at the end of a second act. On the following day a most inconsiderate, outrageous attack appeared from the pen of this man, who had not seen the performance. It was longer than that of any of his brother critics, and for very good reason. They waited until the fall of the curtain, he left at the end of the second act. Now by what right does the proprietor of a great newspaper expect an honest intelligence to go from the theatre at eleven, half past eleven o'clock, reaching his office at midnight or a trifle earlier, it may be, where, confronted by a night editor, who insists upon his hurrying up, he sits at his desk to give—what? What does the proprietor expect an honest intelligence to do with a work which has cost its author months of thought; its producer months of thought and thousands of dollars; its actors weeks of rehearsal, weeks of thought and care and study and attention? What is expected of that writer?

He is expected in a half hour to write an honest, impartial judgment as to the merits of the play, as to the balancing of its characters, as to the allotment of its cast, as to the conception and characterization by the several artists, and as to its triumphs or failure as a whole.

Can he do it? I know he can't. Ergo, is the art of criticism dead, or are its producers so hidebound by ignorance, by the interest of capital, by friendship, by malice, by the exactions of time, as to render its unfoldings a mental, moral, physical impossibility?

POINTS.

Young Mr. Wheeler has succeeded Mr. Corby in the employ of A. M. Palmer.

Harrigan's Lorraine was a text, and the varying sermons drawn from it are full of interest to men who read between the lines. I wish it closed with one of Dave Braham's rattlers.

The appearance of Dion Boucicault, Louise Thordyke, Florence Gerard Abbey, John Chatterton, Mary H. Fiske of THE MIRROR, Bowers of the Tribune, Dithmar of the Times, Price of the Star, Wheeler of the World, File of the Sun, Miner of the Herald, Dunlevy of the Telegram, Reynolds of the Eden Musee, Esther Williams, Maude Granger, and Gallagher of the News, as guests of Martin W. Hanley on Monday night, was a picture to be remembered.

Little Tommy Russell's performance of Lord Fauntleroy is quite as good, in its way, as that of Elsie Leslie. Tommy has done a great deal of first-class work, and if properly trained, physically as well as mentally, will be an ornament to his profession.

Joe Seagrist's blast in favor of ticket speculators has an immensity of common sense in it. Under control ticket speculators are a great convenience to the public. In partnership with the box-office they are an obvious nuisance. The tickets they sell are as good as any others and no manager would dare refuse them.

HOWARD.

Professional Doings.

—J. W. Ransome has a new play called Is Marriage a Failure? which he will put on the road next season.

—C. Ed. Dudley, stage manager of the Floy Crowell co., is convalescing at his home in New Bedford, Mass.

—The manager and members of Mrs. Emma Frank's Duet presented Otto Turner, the stage manager, with a gold watch on his birthday, which occurred recently.

—Manager Hooley is getting up new scenery for the Chicago production of Lord Chumley, which will be a copy of that used here.

—Bartley McCallum and Horace Neuman have purchased Edward Terry's comedy in Chancery. Edward Terry is to conduct rehearsals.

—McCallum and Neuman will start jointly, opening the season at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, on Jan. 6. Harry Phillips will manage the tour.

—William O'Connor, the carman, who lately defeated Terry, has been engaged for the regatta scene in A Dark Secret.

—Arthur Moulton and his wife, Rose Chesneau, have tendered their resignations from the Kimball Merriemakers to take effect on Dec. 31.

—The Andrews Dramatic company, which closed a month ago, is reorganized and on the road again.

—Isabel Bruns Booth arrived from England Monday with the drama.

—Oscar Eagle, of Frank Mayo's company, played the role of the Duke of Buckingham in The Royal Guard, at the People's Theatre, on Monday night and scored a hit. He was complimented by Mr. Mayo for his performance.

—Tony Pastor has written an appeal to English professional aid for Charles Young, an English violinist, now in this country, who has become almost blind through a railway accident.

—David P. Steele, formerly well known for his clever work in Evangeline and The Corsair, is playing the title role in The Secret of the West in the West End May.

—Steele, his wife, assumes the leading juvenile role. Mr. Steele opens in New Orleans on the 10th inst.

—Nestor Lennon has taken Steele Mackay's place as George in Paul Kaurav and is winning praise for his performance.

—Dion Boucicault has consented to direct the rehearsals of Jessop and Townsend's new play, Miles Arroyo, to be produced in Philadelphia by William J. Scanlon on Christmas eve.

—Duncan B. Harrison writes that he played the business manager in Cuckoo's Nest, during the Biju Albert Thanksgiving and Sunday night receipts in the record of that theatre. The gross for the week was \$4,000. Last week at Pope's in St. Louis he played to \$6,000. The Sunday figure was \$1,754.50.

—The Standard Theatre at Chicago has changed hands and has been rechristened the Biju Albert Richmond, a theatrical manager from England, has leased the house and intends to produce London successes from time to time. W. S. Kusel, who was business manager at Shelby's Academy of Music for six years, is business manager of the new Biju.

—Fred Hallen called at THE MIRROR office to contradict a statement quoted by our Denver correspondent from the Republican of that city to the effect that his deceased brother had attempted to commit suicide.

Mr. Hallen states that his brother, while in a delirious state, picked up a revolver, but made no attempt to shoot himself, and that led to the untrue statement published. The deceased young man traveled for a year solely for the benefit of his health with Mr. Hallen, who had him cared for at all the health resorts on the Pacific Slope, in the hope of warding off his malady, consumption, of which he died in Denver a fortnight ago. Mr. Hallen has sustained another bereavement in the death of his wife's mother, Mrs. G. F. Cline, of Chicago, which occurred on Thanksgiving Day. It is feared that the shock of her mother's death will react unfavorably on Mrs. Hallen, who has been seriously ill and recently underwent an operation for cancer of the stomach. Mr. Hallen conveyed the remains of his brother to New York last week, and has been most devoted in his attention to his wife.

—Charles T. Parlow, the well-known comedian, is making a genuine and artistic success in his impersonation of Septimus Ruff in A Grass Widow. The part is that of an eccentric old man, with a crazy for the collection of antiquities. Edward Warren, the eccentric comedian, favorably known throughout the country, plays Erasmus Spook and has made the success of his career. J. E. Sille, an excellent light comedian, Helen Windsor, an accomplished leading woman, and Lea Jarvis, a pretty and vivacious soubrette, Dan Williams, Miss Hall and Hattie Elliott complete a thoroughly good cast. Naturally, star, play and company are a success.

PRINCIPAL.

BOSTON.

The Boston and the Museum are the only two places of amusement at which there is no change of the present week. The La Jolla and the Shedd at the other continue to draw full houses. Miss Davenport's company closes its engagement on the 10th inst., and will be followed by Margaret Mather, whose portraits have already been the subject of many a Bostonian. The end of Shedd's season is probably not far away.

Paul Kaurav, at the Globe, is easily the great attraction of the week. There is little standing room left on the opening night, and the applause was continuous and hearty.

Joseph Jefferson went across the street from the Globe to the Park on Monday night, and opened in The Royal Guard, with John Gilbert as Sir Anthony Absolute, Ed. J. Buckley as Captain Absolute, and Mrs. Drew as Mrs. Malaprop. The bill will run through the engagement, which is for one week only. Frank Mayo is announced for the week following in The Royal Guard.

The Grand Opera House is to be the work of J. C. Duff's Comic Opera Co. in The Queen's Mate. It is a good piece, well staged, and well played and sung.

At the Grand Opera House James H. Wallack is running his two border dramas, The Cattle King and The Bandit King, and doing an excellent business. Both pieces afford capital opportunities for the introduction of new talent. The wonderful display of intelligence and genius on the part of the four equine members of the co. is in itself worth the full price of admission.

Hyde's Big Specialty Co. is at the Howard this week and presents an unusually attractive programme. The Grand Opera House is to be the work of J. C. Duff's Comic Opera Co. in The Queen's Mate. It is a good piece, well staged, and well played and sung.

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has secured a lease of the Standard Theatre, a house which has been allowed to run down, and he would endeavor to make it popular again. Good attractions will be put in, and every one hopes Kusel can make it go.

NEW ORLEANS.

At the Grand Opera House Jim the Penman was presented to a succession of large audiences. The house was jammed on the opening night. F. C. Bangs does some fine work as Jim, but in some scenes he is entirely too loud and boisterous, and if Kingston had shouted in a drawing-room scene, Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to forget that a line must be drawn between his own desire to make a name for himself and the desire to make a name for the house. Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to forget that a line must be drawn between his own desire to make a name for himself and the desire to make a name for the house. Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to forget that a line must be drawn between his own desire to make a name for himself and the desire to make a name for the house. Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to forget that a line must be drawn between his own desire to make a name for himself and the desire to make a name for the house. Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to forget that a line must be drawn between his own desire to make a name for himself and the desire to make a name for the house. Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to forget that a line must be drawn between his own desire to make a name for himself and the desire to make a name for the house. Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to forget that a line must be drawn between his own desire to make a name for himself and the desire to make a name for the house. Bangs does, who would have brought the whole neighborhood in to see what was the matter. Clarence Handyside did not warm up to his work as Louis Perceval. F. L. Ottomeyer's Baron Herford is a studied piece of acting that merits more praise than he gets here. His accent is very good. Hardee Kirkland is only fair as Captain Redwood. He seems to

to very good-said his disappointed audience. Alden
medley 19th; C. E. Verner 19th; Alm in London
1st; A Cold Day 19th; Restroom; Pathfinders 2nd,
2nd.

LEAVENWORTH.
Crowford's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager);
The Han on Ice Voyage on Susan played last
dances 34. Haverly and Cleveland's Minstrels
played to a jammed house and gave a very inferior
show. Rosina Vickers 8th; Charles E. Verner 10th; Lost
London 12th; Mrs. Scott Siddons 14th.

HERKINGTON.
Herkington Opera House (H. B. Griswold, manager);
Cold Day on Nov. 10 to big business. Alden Bre-

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

NEWARK.
NEW OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager); when Heria had a good house New ev. His youngest daughter took with the performance did not give satisfaction. Murray and Murphy with; full house. Charles Van Verner with.

ARKANSAS CITY.
FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager); Prescott and Murphy in New York. Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors to good house in Thanksgiving matinee. Taylor and Koons' comb. h.

HIGHLAND HALL (J. H. Anderson, manager); S. W.ady and Little Nugget with.

BERNINGTON.
BERNINGTON OPERA HOUSE (H. H. Griswold, manager); when Benedetti's Monte Cristo com. h to the capacity the house. Audience well pleased.

KENTUCKY.
LEXINGTON.
NEW OPERA HOUSE (Scott and Mann, managers); little Tycoon gave three successful entertainments and a red crowded house. The co. is a good one. Lloyd Wilson and Thomas Smith have special mention.

BOWLING GREEN.

Potter's Opera House
Boston Clarke in

MAINE.

PORTLAND.

Theatre: John S. Moulton's Dramatic co., and a most excellent one in every respect, played to capacity the theatre six and seven, and gave Colleen Bawn, Rip van Winkle, My Best Girl, Monte Cristo and Ten Nights in a Bar-room in a satisfactory manner. Jay unit was decidedly clever, and the whole company as above the average, taking into consideration the me museum price.

Items: The Swedish Ladies' concert in the Stockbridge course was remarkably good, and drew a crowded house.—C. Roach appears in Dan Darcy this—A Possible case is booked.

SKOWHEGAN.

Coburn Hall (E. C. Hewlton, manager): German's Minstrels are booked 10th, and John S. Moulton's Dramatic co. 17th.

100

CUMBERLAND.
Academy of Music (H. W. Williamson, manager): Helen Blythe co. in Article 47, 7th, and Catherine Howard cast to poor business. W. J. Scallan in Shakespeare 14th.

MASSACHUSETTS.
WORCESTER.
Theatre (Mrs. Wilkinson, manager): The American Opera Co. in Jekyll and Hyde, and Fascination, with Miss Cora Tanner as the star, were last week's attractions. Business was only fairly good. The Rescott and Montono Opera co. all his week. Helen Barry 7-19. Redmud-Berry co. 30-32. Edwin Thorne in Blue 24-26. Ed. Smith and Russell 17th. Keep it Dark co. 38-39. Jim the Preman 31st and Jan. 1st.

The Musee (George H. Batcheller, manager): The Mascotte last week to standing room only each

Items: While h
person leased from

one of their cars to be used on his trip to the Pacific coast. — Cars are out for the marriage of Manager Fred D. Straffo and Miss R. Leticia Lucier, of the Lucier family. The ceremony takes place on Christmas day. — Quite a number of the attractions that have played here in the past season have been booked for next season under the management of Mr. Proctor.

WILL RIVER.

Academy of Music (William J. Wiley, manager): The Bennett and Moulton Opera co. performed a return engagement and gave seven performances to poor business. The unsatisfactory financial result was due, he thinks, to the short interval between dates. Held by the same company, the company was met with much success and drew a large and thorough delighted audience. Co. good. Howard Atherton on violin.

14-15. MENINGEAL

Music Hall (A. B. White, proprietor): **Frank Mayo** in *The Royal Guard* to a large and delighted audience. **John** in *The Enemy* to a large house. **The** throughout is a very strong one, but special mention should give to **Farrall** as the war correspondent, and **Minnie Dupree** and **Susan McCreery**.

WESTFIELD.

The Opera House (P. W. Howe, manager): **The** **Levy** Concert co. 31. **John** in *The* by **Ma** audience. **The** **Calina** Concert co. (under local auspices) to a fair house. **Hawley** U. T. C. drew a good house.

Grim Opera House (M. W. Hefflin, manager): **Among** the first to a small house; well pleased audience. **Keep It** to a fair house. **John** to good house. **Ma** **Adelman** in *Bubbling Over* to a small house.

SO

Elmwood Open a House (G. E. Sanders, manager)
 Frank Mayo, in Nordie; played to a good-sized audience
 4th. The acting throughout was the finest seen
 in this city. The com. played at the Elb's benefit
 4th. Lawrence J. J. Koch in Dan Dryer did not
 do the business here he deserved. The audience
 was appreciative, however, and applauded all the good
 points.

LOWELL.
 Music Hall (A. V. Patridge, proprietor): German's
 Minstrel's in the new house 4th. The Dally Shet-
 ters in Muldon's Last Pencil to a large audience 6th.
 Howard Specialty co., 14th.

Huntington Hall (John F. Cosgrove, manager): Dora
 Davidson in Jekyll and Hyde hit to good business.
 James C. Koch 19th.

The Harrington: Joe Gorman and J. McDaniel

and join the Daily

OPERA HOUSE (J. C. Umcy, manager): Bennett and Moulton's Opera Co. 4th to good business. A large audience gave a hearty welcome to Held by the Enemy 6th. The cast was as newly perfect as possible and the music was superb. The 7th and W.'s Minstrels gave a delightful entertainment 8th to the capacity of the house. Redmud-Barry 11th.

Litwrit Hall Theatre (William E. White, manager): We, Us, I Co. 10 11.

BROCKTON.

City Theatre (W. W. Cross, manager): Cora Tanner presided in dedication to good-acted and well-pleased audiences 4. Held by the Enemy was finely presented in a fair-acted and appreciative audience 7th. Redmud-Barry Co. in Hermine drew a good house and gave a fine performance 8th.

AMESBURY.

Laura Almonico has signed with J. S. Moulton's Co. as leading lady.

Cook co., has as
co. Justin Adam

ATTLEBORO.
Bates' Opera House (J. G. Hutchinson, manager): Thacher, Primrose and West's minstrels was a good show this week and on 7th filled the theatre to overflowing, having the honor of the largest house of the season. From first to last the scenes were grand, and finer stage settings were never displayed in this house. Redmond-Barry co. 14th.

Redmond-Barry
beat the audience

to attract the audience in their seats between acts. *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* by Dore Davidson and Raminé Austin. co. 15th. John C. Roach and co. in Dem. Barney 26th.

NEUBURYPOROT.
 City Hall (George H. Stevens, agent): The Dally Sisters in *Murder on the Grand* for fair business.

Items: The *Misson* for sale at S. H. Fowler's book-store.—Bannett and Moulton's Opera co. (B) 10-12.

CHELSEA.
 Academy of Music (James B. Fed., manager): *Cora Tanager* Fascination to a large and delighted

audience 1st. W
Harry appeared 4

New Opera House (C. W. Currier, manager).
Lotta in Pawn Ticket 910 to a large house 4th. George
C. Boniface, Jr., the co-soldier of the co., was well re-

Patti Rosa.
starring in ZIP and BOB, by authorization of LOTTA.

The Actresses' Corner.

CHARACTER MAKE-UP.

I know the subject is one about which one person can tell very little to another, and I know also that it is something about which one never can get through learning for one's self. During my study for the stage I had the instruction of a make-up teacher. Later, on the stage I was favored with countless suggestions and points from veterans, was even made up now and then by people who "knew all about it, dear child," and yet it was only after a long time of more or less blind experimenting that a few fundamental principles of the art disclosed themselves to me to help me out. About anything it's safe to say: "Just dig for the big rule and then you can carry it into as many possible modifications as your intelligence permits; but not until you have both feet on some certain underlying principle can you be sure or intelligent about what you do."

You can look a part only so far as the material your own features gives you to work upon permits. It is all nonsense to talk about using one's face as if it were a blank wall whereon could be painted whatever face one wished. For the lines and markings and shadows of the face you wish you can do no more than catch the lines, markings and shadows of your own face. To be able to see the suggestion of these lines, etc., in your own smooth and perhaps more or less young or even pretty face, you must start painting from the inside with your mind, not from the outside with a Meyer's grease-stick. Surface methods are bound to be wrong.

Put the character you want into your own mind, and behold!—a calcium is turned on your face which gives you there every line of the character as far as your mind has been able to grasp it, and as far as physically you are flexible enough to answer correctly through your muscles to the suggestion from the mind.

In fact, I fancy the fault is really all in the assimilating the character by the mind rather than in lack of power of expression in the muscles of the face. I suppose the muscles are all there; if they don't show up when they should it's because the mind does not command them into action—in which case the mind wants practice—or because through not having been exercised in your every day individual life they are stiff and do not answer easily, in which case still work on the mind. For, believe me, an emotion that cannot find physical expression must be as vague as a thought that cannot find words. When you have such a thought you keep at the thinking of it, don't you, until of a sudden it leaps into words, and is then no longer vague to yourself and inexpressible to others; also you must realize that it can only make use of the words at your command, it can only clothe itself from your own vocabulary.

Do this same thing with your character idea; keep at it till it leaps into your face, and for that matter into every muscle of your whole physical being, and is then no longer vague to yourself and inexpressible to others. You must also realize that it can only make use of the muscles at command and clothe itself from your own physical vocabulary. A mere suggestion will be enough that study and dictionary and languages and literature will enrich your stock of words as well as your power of thought—the two must go together—and that study and observation of other people's language physical, and pictures and other people's acting will not only enrich your powers of physical expression, which by itself would amount to no more than mimicry, but will increase your power of mentally grasping a character with all the details of its individuality and make you an artist.

I hope I am making clear just what I mean. At the feet of such a subject I realize that my vocabulary wants enriching. The subject is all right, though. At last we get to the grease-stick part! The expression of your own individual character has so long dominated the muscles of your face that the face is marked to certain form. Grease paint has got to do for the assumed character what time has done for your own character—that is, by the help of grease paint, the fleeting expression your understanding of your role puts upon your face must be made to dominate and mark the face to its own form. Now, it's practice, practice, practice! It's all very well to look in the glass and see that you have made your face look as if you felt like a sneak thief; but to see how it is your face looks so, to see the new shadows, the new lines that make the expression, to catch them and heighten them with grey paint and brown and flesh color, so that it is no longer yourself looking like a sneak-thief that the glass reflects, but the sneak thief himself; so that your face no longer expresses a mood of your own character, but the character of a being that is not yourself; so that the face reflected is what your own would become if years of such mind mood had changed your character and marked your face with corresponding change, so that when your mind is loosed from its characterization and the make-up is finished, that your own sweet smile can find no place in the new face, or looks like a poor ghost of itself and probably gives you a queer feeling up your back the first time you see it through a successful make-up. As I said, it's all practice now. Practice to teach you how to paint the shadows in so they look like shadows and not like paint; to paint the lines so they look like the heavier shadow that an

actual crease or wrinkle in the face would make. Practice to get the general tone of color right so that you don't look like a black and white map. Practice so that you get the most effect with the least paint, so that you rightly seize upon the three or four strong shadows that really characterize the face, instead of chasing around after a lot of side wrinkles and detail which only blur the whole effect from a distance.

You will find that all the detail over which we are told Coquelin, etc., etc., labor is after all only effective if done so well that in the distance it all resolves itself into certain broad effects of character, but it takes an artist to do that, and you will see broad shadows long before you are artist enough to catch the detail that makes them, much less artist enough to paint in such detail so it will not show as a lot of hard, mixed up, meaningless lines, like rivers in a map of the United States, from the front.

As to color, study of real faces will help you most. Just spot a nice character woman coming toward you and perhaps still half a block off. See how the greys of her face resolve themselves into faint pinks and yellows and flesh colors as she gets nearer. How—though the character of her face does not change—the few broad effects of shadow and light on her face which gave to it its character resolve themselves into endless detail of line and wrinkle equally expressive when the face is so close that the broad shadows are lost. Equally expressive—well, I don't know about that—if you want a fair judgment of a face look at it from a distance. Detail is apt to be contradictory. The conformation of the whole, however, isn't likely to lie.

For this same reason in real people the profile best expresses cast of character; the full face, mood. The profile gives the conformation of feature; the full face, play of muscle. Of course in painting in the face you want (which is different from painting it on), you can heighten the effect the flexible muscles make by shadowing and lining the more bony parts of the face to match. Gray paint will give you whatever forehead ought to go with the rest of the face. You can make it concave or convex, hollowing sharply from either side of the middle, sunken or bulging over the eye brows, shelving sharply back from just above the eyebrows to the hair, or the other way.

Just merely making marks for wrinkles is beggarly little, compared with what can be done—and you can give age quicker by the forehead, and thereby saving lines on the face, than in almost any way. Also you can make the nose what you choose. You can make it start low between the eyebrows or a good deal higher up and Grecian-like than it really does. It can be broad and flat and straight along the line from root to tip, or sharp and wedge-like, according to the line you paint from root to tip. Darken the tip of it and you cut off from the length. Run the light line fully to the tip and you make it longer. Darken the nostrils and you depress them and add to apparent length of nose, and paint the edges of the nostrils lighter and you avoid the mean look of contrasted nostrils, and so on and so on.

The chin, too, can be made square or round or pointed—cleft by dimple or not—all with shadowing.

As to the mere mechanical applying of the paint. The longer you work the fewer stamps you will use, I fancy. One is usually told to put on first a layer of paint for back color. One is very likely to get a make-up aswim in grease in this way, and to dry off get so much powder on that one might as well have a mask on. Besides, powder is almost sure to change color when the grease wets it, and so your tone of color is destroyed. Holding the grease-stick to the gas to soften it when it's too hard for use may do, but rubbing some into the palm of your hand and taking from there is better. Of course, clean your face thoroughly with grease and rub the pores thoroughly full of grease before starting. Then dry the surface. Indeed, I even put some powder softly on. Now work in your shadows, with your finger, letting the paint be very soft and thin; go over and over if necessary, but beware of jabbing on a thick spot of paint and working it off along the edges, or a hard line of solid paint to be softened down into the surrounding color. Also you will find your own flesh color a good medium between the few high lights you use and the shadows, and as much of your own skin as you can leave bare in the make-up will take from it any possible mask effect.

Also, for all advice to the contrary, make up with your wig on. A white wig will soften a hard make-up so that the hardness is almost lost and the character you want gone. A dark one will make contrasts so pronounced that your face seems no longer a possible one, besides the very contour of the coiffure, the way the hair lies will modify the effects of your lining in a great degree, in the real person, hair and face changed together and in harmony each with the gradual change in the real person's character, therefore in harmony with each other. The same impulse that put the frivolous old spinster to making cork screw curls on her forehead set its corkscrew lines in her face. The same secretiveness that brushed its sleek hair close over its ears and temples, set lines of guard about the mouth, narrowed the chin and compressed the nostrils. Therefore wig and make up together. The starved years that took the life from the hair and left it dull mouse-grey put lead shades in the skin, the gentle years that whitened some

sweet grandmamma's soft locks to silver brought to her smooth face faint white and pink and ivory tints. Therefore, for color as well as lines, make up with your wig on.

I wonder if I have helped you! After all I said the whole thing in the beginning, and I know of nothing better than the same warning to end with.

Make up your mind before you try to make up your face.

Grease paint can do no more than trace upon the surface the pattern stamped from within by the mind. Still, here's to Meyer!

POLLY.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 29, 1888.

Whatever merits in the way of novelty may eventually be found in W. S. Gilbert's new play, Brantingham Hall, the circumstances connected with its production—or rather want of production—have up to now run upon modern fashionable lines. I don't know whether W. S. G. is played out, but he hasn't enough originality about him to avoid a postponement anyhow.

Postponement nowadays seems to be almost as much a necessity of the situation as packing the house.

Brantingham Hall had, with many flourishes of trumpets, been announced for production on Tuesday night. On Monday, indeed, the author got himself interviewed in readiness for the occasion. But on Tuesday afternoon telegrams were sent round announcing that the great event was "unavoidably" deferred till Thursday night. No other explanation has yet been vouchsafed, but it is thought by some that the fount and origin of the failure to "complete" was ill-fitting frocks—Miss Neilson's frocks *bien entendus*.

On these frocks the great Gilbert has lavished all (or nearly all) the resources of his giant intellect. He has designed them all out of his own head, for (says he) "I have my own ideas about ladies' dresses which I like to carry out when I have the power."

Mr. Gilbert in this connection has also expressed his abhorrence of bustles, "improvements," tight lacing and all such abominations. He thinks that woman's dress should fall in natural folds to the figure—and he appears to be not averse to arranging the folds himself if the figure is of an attractive character.

The hero of his new play is an unconventional young lady, and in designing the costumes which she is to wear, Gilbert has endeavored to fit the dress to the part. As I shall be mailing this letter about an hour before the play is produced I may as well tell you all that is known about it at present.

Miss Neilson represents the unconventional daughter of an Australian squatter, an ex-convict, who has either repented of his sins and grown rich or grown rich and repented of his sins. It is not quite clear which, according to Mr. Gilbert. Anyhow when the play opens the ex-convict is a wealthy man living two hundred miles up country from Sydney.

Miss Neilson is described as a "flower of the forest"—probably a eucalyptus blossom. She is a beautiful child of nature—gentle, soft-voiced, and speaking the language of the Bible. The son of a proud old English peer falls ill on her father's station. She nurses him, cures him, and marries him.

In the midst of this wedded bliss the husband is recalled to England by an urgent telegram which informs him that he has come into a large legacy. He sails, and the ship in which he has taken passage goes down in mid-ocean.

By this disaster the father becomes possessor of his son's property and looks forward to paying off the debts which have hitherto crushed the life out of him.

Then appears Miss Neilson at the mansion of the Saxmashams with the news that she is his son's wife—she, the daughter of a convict. The proud old lord learns for the first time that his son has a wife, and is terribly upset, for the son's money goes to the son's wife and not to his father. Miss Neilson only asks for the love of her darling's father and spurns the money, but the old lord is as proud as he is poor.

Here Gilbert pulled up short in his narrative, for (as he puts it) the sacrifice which the heroine makes is the pivot of the plot. "My idea was," continued Mr. Gilbert, "to present an instance of a woman's 'sacrifice of self.' Whatever the sacrifice may be, I will wager anything in reason that the heroine's husband isn't dead at all, and that all comes right at the finish, even to Miss Neilson being received (thanks to her marriage) as the daughter of a first-class earl who keeps his carriage.

The play is in four acts. The scene of the first is laid in the bush and that of the others in England.

Mr. Gilbert subsequently uttered to his interviewer a sort of confession of faith on the subject of stage costumes.

Imprimis, he will allow no one to appear on the stage in any piece which he may control in a dress which might not be worn at a fancy ball. Item: He will not allow a lady to play a man's part.

"I consider," says G., "our pieces at the Savoy to be burlesques, and I have never allowed a lady to play a man's part or to wear a costume that she would blush to appear in at a fancy dress ball. That is my limit."

I hardly know whether to take this as tid-

ings of comfort and joy or otherwise, but I don't think it matters much anyhow.

It is interesting to know, however, that Gilbert would abolish tights "if merely worn to enhance the attractions of the leg." A Rosalind, for instance, may wear "decent tights." But what Gilbert does object to is "rows of ladies' tight-clothed legs," which he goes on to say are, in his opinion, "merely worn to gratify the eyes of the young gentlemen in the stalls."

Of course, if the ladies wear their legs for this purpose only, such conduct is highly reprehensible, but the statement comes upon us with a sort of shock.

The Alderman was put on at the Jodrell on Saturday and didn't score. Clotilda Graves—blank-verse writer and sister of the wife of Willie Edouin's recent and Horace Sedger's present acting manager, William Greet—is adapting for the stage Jokai's thrilling and varied story, "Timari's Two Worlds."

Richard Mansfield is now going on swimmingly at the Lyceum. On Tuesday he was expecting a visit from Their R. H.'s, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who had expressed a wish to see R. M. play Prince Karl.

This is undoubtedly his most successful effort here up till now. Richard's manager, E. D. Price, looks fit and well after his recent visit to you. Glad to hear from him that THE MIRROR was all serene.

Billie Barlow, a young actress not altogether unconnected with New York, last Saturday sang her latest successful song (Billie is doing AT in the London Music halls, you

know), "True Friends Across the Sea," into the Edison phonograph.

The cylinder was then forwarded by Colonel Gouraud and O. S. Wiley to Mr. Edison's laboratory in New Jersey. On Dec. 8th, a few of Billie's friends will, I hear, assemble at the laboratory to hear the phonograph deliver the song.

At the Princess' on Monday W. W. Kelly and Grace Hawthorne commenced a series of matinees of Jocelyn Brandon's adaptation of Daudet's *L'Arlesienne*, now called *The Love That Kills*. This was circularised by the Princess' management last week as "Jocelyn Brandon's prettily conceived play," but later on they sent around more correct circulars.

Sophie Eyre is concerned in these matinees and resumes her original character Rose, with the same power and intensity as hitherto. Laurence Cantley is again volcanic as Frederi, who suffers so terribly from "the love that kills."

As before, Bizet's music to the *L'Arlesienne* (or *The Love, etc.*) again formed the most attractive feature. The play itself, though pretty and at times powerful, is not at all adapted to healthy English or American tastes.

The American and Canadian rights of *Manville Fenn* and J. H. Darnley's new farcical comedy, *The Balloon*, have been secured by Uncle Samuel French.

The New Grand Theatre at Islington will open on Saturday with *The Still Alarm*—a somewhat appropriate play for a house just rebuilt after being burnt to the ground.

And now for the great Gilbert's new play which I hope to tell you all about next week. GAWAIN.

Christmas Number

OF THE

NEW YORK MIRROR.

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The Amateur Stage.

A PERFORMANCE AT THE LYCEUM.

An amateur performance was given on Tuesday afternoon of last week at the Lyceum Theatre, under the patronage of well-known society women of this city, in aid of the yellow fever sufferers. The programme, which was an interesting one, was as follows:

Quarrel Scene from The School for Scandal.
 Lady Teazle.....Miss E. P. Otis
 Sir Peter Teazle.....John H. Bird

Blue and Cherry.
 Lord Horatio.....W. F. Burroughs
 Colonel Pomfret.....J. W. Nicholas
 Charles Ormiston.....J. Francis Conrad
 Lady Florence.....Miss E. P. Otis
 Miss.....Miss E. P. Otis

A Comical Countess.
 Chevalier de Vilbrun.....Edward F. Coward
 Baron de Bergeuse.....Francis G. London
 Jean.....Frederick R. Satterlee
 Countess de L'Estalier.....Mrs. W. A. Bloodgood

Twenty Minutes Under an Umbrella.
 Cousin Frank.....Henry Miller
 Cousin Kate.....Miss E. P. Otis

The scenes from *The School for Scandal* were presented in almost a professional way. Miss Otis as Lady Teazle was excellent and seemed in her element. It was without doubt the best Lady Teazle our amateur stage has yet seen. Mr. Bird's performance as Sir Peter is so well known that there is very little comment to be made upon it. He seemed to be in an excellent mood last Tuesday and took Lady Teazle's scornful remarks in an easy and acceptable way.

Blue and Cherry was given with spirit and excellent judgment and the Misses Lawrence were ably supported by Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Nicholas. Mr. Conrad in a small part did creditably. The third piece on the programme, *A Comical Countess*, was charmingly given, with that clever actress, Mrs. Bloodgood, in the leading role, ably assisted by New York's leading amateur, Mr. Coward. Mr. London as the Baron added strength to the cast. Mr. Miller, of the Lyceum Theatre, with Miss Otis closed the entertainment with the short farce, *Twenty Minutes Under an Umbrella*. The performance in every detail was most artistic. The waits between the acts were not unreasonably long, and judging from the size of the house, with tickets at two dollars each, the charity must have reaped a handsome sum.

MARS TURNED THESPIAN.

An entertainment was given last Monday evening by Company D, Twelfth Regiment, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. The programme opened with the charming comedietta, *Man Proposes*, which was acted in a bright and clever way by Agnes L. Boyton, May Ryan and Ed. L. Murphy.

After a short intermission the favorite comedy, *Naval Engagements*, was presented in a highly commendable way by the following cast: Admiral Kingston, Henry Mason; Lieut. Kingston, Ed. L. Murphy; Short, Dr. Chas. A. Clinton; Denis, Thomas J. Walsh; Mary Mortimer, Agnes L. Boyton; and Mrs. Pontifex, Rose Curran.

Following this a bayonet drill, by the bayonet squad of Company D, which concluded a most successful programme. A dance followed, lasting well into the early hours of the morning.

SPRINGFIELD'S THEATRE FOR AMATEURS.

It would be pleasant to praise the opening play of the fourth season at Fisk's Casino, Springfield, Mass., on Thursday and Friday last, half as unreservedly as one can the amateurs, the scenic appointment and the beautiful theatre itself. J. Sterling Coyne's *Widow Hunt* is a long drawn out and not over interesting, trifle, seldom rising above the farcical level. The cast comprised: Felix Featherly, C. A. Fiske; Mrs. Featherly, Dennis Turner; Mrs. Swandown, Mrs. H. S. Dickinson; Mrs. Wellington De Boots, Mrs. O. H. Dickinson; Major Wellington De Boots, O. H. Dickinson; Frank Icebrook, Henry Pearson; Thomas, H. Myrick. Mrs. H. S. Dickinson as Mrs. Swandown scored the most decided success. Originally designed after the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, and during last Summer adorned with draperies of velvet Titian and a parted curtain of the same modest shade, suggested by the Lyceum Theatre, New York, the diminutive jewel-box partakes strongly enough of a Metropolitan hub air to call forth expressions of delight from even the most blasé patron of the drama.

EMERALDA IN NEWBURG.

Emeralda was presented at the Opera House, New York, by local talent on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, before a brilliant assemblage, under the auspices of the Unity Guild of the Universalist Church. The performance went smoothly and was most enjoyable, but under any circumstances the charitable efforts of amateur theatricals is not a good subject for a slashing notice from a critical critic, who should be semi-blind on such occasions to any little shortcomings of the volunteers. The laurels of the evening were about equally divided. Dr. E. H. Powell was quite a success as the North Carolina farmer, his electioneering "gag," "They're all right," in the last act causing much hilarity. Miss Edie Buchbourn—albeit too youthful and charming for Mother Rogers—acted with much intelligence and vigor. Mrs. E. H. Powell as the heroine was pathetic. John Hoffman, the whole-souled sweetheart of *Emeralda*, displayed considerable elocutionary skill and ability. His conception of the part was thoughtful and thoroughly satisfactory. The eccentric Estabrook of William N. Kent deserves a special eulogistic word for his unobtrusiveness and distinct enunciation. Will I. Sherwood played Jack Desmond, the American artist, with easy grace, and when he doubled for the part of the French adventurer, his make-up was a peculiar study and his broken English really funny. Lillie Turner was vivacious, coquettish and elegant, and acted in a very capable manner; her dresses were appropriately stylish and her flowers choice and exotic. Kate Desmond, her histrionic sister, was amusingly presented by Margaret Harwood, the speculative George Drew finding

an adequate and handsome representative in John Garrahrat.

Our Leading Amateurs.

I.—ELISE DE WOLFE.

From the amateur stage a number of successful actors and actresses have been graduated. The latest and more important accession to the professional ranks was that of Mrs. James Brown Potter. During her reign as the leading amateur actress of New York, she gathered about her a considerable amount of young talent, and in the plays which she produced, under professional coaching, a great deal of latent ability was discovered. The most prominent of these assistants was Elsie Anderson De Wolfe.

Miss De Wolfe is generally recognized now as the leading amateur actress of New York. Miss De Wolfe is a slight and graceful brunette of medium height, and with a countenance that indicates intelligence and mental force. She appears thoroughly at home on the stage, and has a wonderful command of that quality, so rare in amateurs, repose. She is a hard student, and endeavors to improve by diligent application and devotion to her art.

Her first important appearance was made in London, where she acted in Douglas Jerrold's comedy, *The White Milliner*, at Charles Wyndham's Criterion Theatre, for the benefit of a church charity, the Prince and Princess of Wales being present. The performance was subsequently repeated for the benefit of the wives of soldiers killed in the Sudan.

Miss De Wolfe made her first bow before a New York audience on her return from abroad, appearing at the private residence of Mrs. Eggleston, Washington Square, in the play entitled *Loan of a Lover*. Her second appearance was at the University Club Theatre, in a play called *L'Éclat de la St. Martin*.

In *A Cup of Tea*, which was produced at the University Club Theatre in the Spring of 1886, under the auspices of the Amateur Comedy Club, Miss De Wolfe made a great success in the role of Lady Clara Seymour. Although this is only a one act piece, the character is a very strong one, and demands an intimate knowledge of the various emotions. Her "fall" in this piece created quite a sensation, and deserves to be ranked with some of Mrs. Langtry's ingenious gymnastic feats. On this occasion Miss De Wolfe was ably supported by that talented amateur, Evert Jansen Wendell.

In the Autumn of 1886 Miss De Wolfe assisted at the opening of the Tuxedo Club Theatre, playing again the role of Lady Seymour. Mrs. Burton Harrison's charming one-act comedy, *Weeping Wives*, so well known by our New York audiences, filled out the bill. Her next appearance was with the Comedy Club in the Assembly Rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House, as Maud Ashley in *Sunshine*, a dreary play, which in nowise permitted a just exhibition of her abilities.

During Carnival Week at Tuxedo, a few weeks later, Miss De Wolfe appeared as Lady Gwendoline Bloomfield, in Sir Charles Young's dramatic episode, *Drifted Apart*, and as Helen, in the comedy scenes from Sheridan Knowles' play, *The Hunchback*. The first-mentioned role is of the emotional order, the play being written in the style of Young Mrs. Winthrop. As the cold, heartless woman of society she succeeded most admirably; but the deeper touches were hardly realized, though a performance of the same part the following night in New York showed an improvement.

Miss De Wolfe's particular line is what might be called "elegant comedy," and in Helen in the scenes from *The Hunchback* she found a role, to use rather a hackneyed expression, that fitted her like a glove. The archness and coquetry of the character were fully developed, and a performance was given of which any professional might well be proud.

Not like many ambitious amateurs who are never contented, but are always striving to impersonate new roles before thoroughly maturing and working diligently on what they have already attempted—unlike these, Miss De Wolfe adhered to her one role, appearing some eight times during the Winter of 1886-87, ably supported by New York's foremost amateur, Edward Fales Coward. By the constant repetition and with earnest and thoughtful study, the impersonation of Helen has given this talented young actress a distinct and separate rank among our society amateurs. It was the opinion of all that Miss De Wolfe's Helen went far ahead of anything done by Mrs. Potter during her career as an amateur, and, criticizing the performance from a professional standpoint, few faults could be detected.

As Mrs. Pettifit, in Mrs. Burton Harrison's *Mousetrap*, Miss De Wolfe made a most excellent impression. The perplexities of a woman shut in with a mouse were most graphically and humorously portrayed.

In Mrs. Charles A. Doremus' clever little play entitled *The Circus Rider*, which Rosina Vokes is now playing with much success throughout the country, is another of Miss De Wolfe's successes. This play was given in the Fall of 1887, on which occasion Miss De Wolfe had the assistance of Frank Rodney, who was connected with Helen Dauvray's company when she occupied the Lyceum, also Heron-Allen, a much better cheeriosophist than actor.

Miss De Wolfe appeared but twice last season, once as Lady Teazle in three scenes from *The School for Scandal* and later on toward Spring in connection with the ladies' orchestra in Miss Bessie Marbury's translation from the French, entitled *Contrast*. On both the above occasions Miss De Wolfe rendered her roles throughout more like a professional than an amateur. Her grace, ease and perfect stage presence aided by the careful study and enunciation of the text, well repaid those lucky enough to have been present.

Miss De Wolfe, realizing the limitations of her abilities, has wisely determined to confine herself to comedy, although it is stated that the instruction she received under Madame Bartol of the Theatre Francaise, during her frequent visits abroad, has developed most wonderfully her emotional powers.

It has been reported that Miss De Wolfe will not act this Winter, owing to the many reports industriously circulated as to her intention in taking the stage for a profession.

Of course, these reports are utterly false and without any foundation, and it is hoped that such a trivial matter as this will not deprive us from seeing Miss De Wolfe in the near future.

Frederick Ward's New Play.

Fred. Ward, the tragedian, was seen in this city the other day by a Mirror representative, while passing through the metropolis on his way to Philadelphia to fill his engagement at the Academy of Music.

"My season up to the time of election was not decidedly good," he said, "but since the excitement of the campaign is over I have done a very satisfactory business. I open tonight in Philadelphia, and the house is already about sold out. Last year I played in the Quaker City to \$14,700 on the week, so that it is little wonder that I look for a pretty big business this time. I shall present my new play of William Tell, which I produced on Nov. 23 in Baltimore.

"The piece made a marked, distinct and positive success, and it will be a leading feature of my repertoire during the balance of the season. It is an adaptation from Knowles' and Schiller's *William Tell*, with more of the former than the latter, and was written by Richard A. Purdy, of this city. The title role gives me opportunity for heroic work, and I am so well satisfied with it that it is my intention to pay a great deal of attention to the mounting of it next season. I accomplish the feat of shooting the apple off the head of my son in sight of the audience by a very ingenious device which has been heretofore totally unknown to the stage, and for which application for a patent has been made. I am now playing West to Chicago and shall reach California by the end of February. In the Spring I play an engagement in this city, and will close my season about the end of May in or about New York."

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AND
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[SECOND EDITION]

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CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN, MAY 18.—The version of SHE now being played at the Academy of Music by the Webster-Brady Company is the most effective and consistent dramatization of Haggard's fantastic story that has ever been performed in this city.

CHICAGO TIMES, MAY 18.—W. A. Brady's version of Haggard's SHE, given before large audiences at the Academy, both on Monday and Tuesday evenings, is a much superior dramatic performance to that seen at the Chicago Opera House. Whatever one's opinion of the novel, with its strain of fantastic plot, it became popular, and for its plot the dramatist is not responsible. Mr. Brady has followed the book more closely than Mr. Gillette did, beginning the play with a prologue in which Leo's father makes Horace Holly promise to be his son's guardian. He has furnished the piece with much more scenic opportunity, and the company gives it a gorgeous spectacular display. The dialogue is also better, more dramatic, stronger in expression, and is generally more smoothly constructed. There are appropriate dances and music in the piece, which add greatly to the effect. The absurd American traveler lugged into the Gillette version is not found in this. The chief comedy in the play is rather curiously given to the witch, who seeks job for a husband.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, MAY 18.—The spectacular version of Haggard's SHE now being presented at the Academy by the Webster-Brady Company is the work of William A. Brady, and is much preferable, in every way, to the Gillette production lately given at the Chicago Opera House. It is admirably staged and remarkably well acted. The scenery, savage groupings, fantastic pictures and word effects all go to make it one of the spectacular successes of the present season.

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New Grand, Omaha, Neb.

Dec. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Crawford's Opera House, Topeka, Kas.

Dec. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Funk's Opera House, Lincoln, Neb.

Dec. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Crawford Grand, Wichita, Kas.

Dec. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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